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MEN ON LEAVE NOT TO BE LED **ROUND BY HAND**

Impression That They Will Be Chaperoned Wholly Erroneous.

SAVOY FOR FIRST GROUP

Zone System to Be Instituted and Rotated to Give All Possible Variety.

"PINK TICKETS" FOR PARIS.

Special Trains to Convey Soldiers to Destinations—Rules Are Explicit.

As a great deal of misapprehension regarding leaves, the conditions under which they are to be granted, etc., has existed in the A.E.F. for some time past, the complete and authoritative rulings on the subject are given below.

A.E.F. men whose leaves fall due on or about February 15 will be allowed to visit the department of Savoy, in the south-east of France, during their week of leisure. That department constitutes their "leave zone" for the present. When their next leaves come around four months hence it is planned to give them a different leave zone, and to rotate such zones in future, in order to give all an equal chance to see as much of France as possible.

While the Y.M.C.A. has worked hard and perfected arrangements for soldiers accommodations and provided amusements at Aix-les-Baines, one of the famous watering-places in Savoy, no man is bound in any way to avail himself of those accommodations and amusements if he does not so desire. In other words, there are no strings attached to a man's leave time, provided he does not violate the obvious rules of military deportment. The widespread idea that there will be official or semi-official chaperonage of men on leave by the Y.M.C.A. or other organizations is, therefore, incorrect.

Leaves Every Four Months.

Leaves Every Four Months.

The general order from Headquarters, A. E. F., on the subject of leaves is both complete and explicit. Leaves will be available for soldiers only after four months service in France, and will be granted to officers and men in good standing. The plan is to give every soldier one leave of seven days every four months, excluding the time taken in traveling to and from the place in France where he may spend his holiday. As far as practicable, special trains will be run for men on leave.

A man may not save up his seven days leave with the idea of taking one of longer duration at a later date. He must take his leaves as they come. Regular leave will not be granted within one month after return from sick or convalescent leave.

In principle, leaves will be granted by roster, based on length of time since last leave or furlough; length of service in France; length of service as a whole lot. Officers authorized to grant leaves are required to make the necessary adjustments of leave rosters so as to avoid absence of too many non-coms, or specially qualified soldiers at any time. Not more than ten per cent. of the soldiers of any command are to be allowed away at the same time, nor, it is stipulated, is any organization to be crippled for lack of officers.

Leave areas, as stated above, will be allotted to divisions, corps, or other

is any organization to be crippied for lack of officers.

Leave areas, as stated above, will be allotted to divisions, corps, or other units or territorial commands, and rotated as far as practicable. Allotments covering Paris, however, will be made separately from all other areas, so as to limit the number of American soldiers visiting Paris on leave. For this reason the leave tickets will be of different color, those consigning a man to his unit's regular leave area being white, and those permitting a visit to Paris being pink, dividing the American permissionaires into white ticket men and pink ticket men.

Exceptional Cases.

Exceptional Cases.

In case a man has relatives in France, it is provided that he may, for that reason or some other exceptional one, be granted leave for another area than that allotted to his unit with the stipulation that the number of men authorized to visit Paris shall not be increased in that way. For the present, officers will not be restricted as to points to be visited on leave, other than Paris. Any leaves which may be granted by Headquarters

Leave papers will specify the date of departure and the number of days' leave authorized. The leave will begin to run at 12.01 a. m. (night) following the man's arrival at the destination authorized in his leave papers, and will end at midnight after the passing of the number of days' leave granted him. After that, the next leave train must be taken by that man back to his unit. Or if he is not near a railroad line over which leave trains pass, he must take the quickest available transportation back to connect with a leave train. Each man on leave will carry his ticket as well as the identity card prescribed in G. O. 63, A. E. F.; and he will be required to wear his identification tag.

OFF FOR THE TRENCHES.

trenches in Lorraine, this poem was found tacked up on a billet door;—

in the billets down below,
When we're holding to a

ed if the Blank-teenth lets it go.

And the Boches big and small, Runty ones and Boches tall, Won't keep your boys a-squat-ting in the ditches very

ing mighty strong.

Lacks Nothing but the Lady Assistant

The latest American atrocity-a den

The latest American atrocity—a dentist's office on wheels?

Gwan, you say? Gwan, yourself.

We've seen it: most of the chauffeurs have seen it: most of the chauffeurs have seen it: the Colonel and everybody else who gets about at all has seen it. That's what it is, a portable dentist's office—chair, wall-buzzer and all, with meat-axes, bung-starters, plnwheels, spittoons, gobs of cotton batting, tear gas, laughing gas, chloroform, ether, cau de vie. gold, platinum and cement to match. Everything is there but the lady assistant, and even she may be added in time.

If you wanted to be funny about the thing, you might call this motorized dentist's parlor the crowning achievement of the Red Cross; for, strange to say, it is the Red Cross; for, strange to say, it is the Red Cross; commonly supposed to be on the job of alleviating human misery, that has put the movable torture chamber on the road, to play one-tooth stands all along the country-side. But no one wants to be funny about a dentist's office that, instead of lying in wait for you, comes out on the road and chases you. It's too darn serious a matter; you might almost say that if fless in the teeth of all the conventions, Hague and otherwise.

It looks part like an ambulance, but it isn't. An ambulance carries you somewhere so that you can get some rest; a traveling tooth-yankery doesn't give you a chance to rest. It's white, is the your and the road of them by any means, but that there may be more to follow.

Useful As a Tank?

Somehody had a nerve to invent it.

Useful As a Tank?

follow. Useful As a Tank?

Somebody had a nerve to invent it, all right, as if we didn't have troubles enough as it is, dodging the regimental enties, and ducking shells, and clapping on gas masks, and all the rest. It is designed, according to one who professes to know about it, to kill the nerves of anything that gets in front of it; so we one and all move that it, instead of the tanks, be sent "over the minute they see a fully-lighted, whites a nature of the sent of

For French Patients First

Be that as it may, when you see the bussed thing on the road, jump into the litch and lie low. It's real, and it

ANZAC MAKES SAFE GUESS.

hack to connect with a leave train. Rach man on leave will carry his ticket as well as the identity card prescribed in G. O. 63, A. E. F.; and he will be required to wear his identification tag.

Travel Regulations.

Before going on leave, a man must register his address, in his own handwriting. He must satisfy his company or detachment commander that he is neat and tidy in appearance. He must he has the required leave ticket, and so forth, and sufficient funds for the trip Continued on Page 2

*

ANZAC MAKES SAFE GUESS.

A company commander received an order from battalion headquarters to send in a return giving the number of trench. He sent in the number as 2.001. H. Q. rung up, and asked him how he arrived at this unusual figure. "Well." he replied. "I'm certain about the one, because I counted him yield. He's hanging on the wire just in front of me. I estimated the 2000. I worked it out all by myself in my own head that it was healthier to estimate that the valk about in No Man's Land and count 'em'"—Aussie, the Australian Soldiers' Magazine.

When a certain regiment of American doughboys de-parted from its billets in a little town back of the front and marched away to our

By the rifle on my back, By my old and well-worn

pack, By the bayonets we sharpened

sector, the howling, jumping hector, Colonel, we'll be Gott-Straf-

long; For we'll soon be busting

through, sir, God help Fritzie when we do,

Let's get going, Colonel Blank, because we're feel-

TOOTH YANKING CAR IS TOURING FRANCE Red Cross Dentist's Office.

For French Patients First
One of the Red Cross people, who was
standing by ready for the command
"Clear guns for action!" told THE
STARS AND STRIPES that the peripatetic pain producer wasn't to he used
so much for the American troops' dis-

N this initial number of THE STARS AND STRIPES, published by the men of the Overseas Command, the Commander-in-Chief of the American Expeditionary Forces extends his greetings through the editing staff to the readers from the first line trenches to the base ports. These readers are mainly the men who have been honored by being the first contingent of

Americans to fight on European soil for the honor of their country. It is an honor and privilege which makes them fortunate above the millions of their fellow citizens at home. Commensurate with their privilege in being here, is the duty which is laid before them, and this duty will be performed by them as by Americans of the past, eager, determined, and unyielding to the last.

The paper, written by the men in the service, should speak the thoughts of the new American Army and the American people from whom the Army has been drawn. It is your paper. Good luck to it.

(Signed) JOHN J. PERSHING, Commander-in-Chief, A. E. F.

HUNS STARVE AND RIDICULE

A.E.F. Soldiers Compelled to Clean Latrines of Crown Prince.

UNEATABLE BREAD. GIVEN

Photographed Sandwiched tween Negroes Wearing Tall Hats.

EMBASSY HEARS THE FACTS.

Repatriate Smuggles Addresses of Prisoners' Relatives Into France.

on leave, other than Parls. Any leaves which may be granted by Headquarters so much for the American toops' discomfort as to fix up the cavities and be counted as beginning on leaving what-not of the civil population of France and terminating on arrival back in France. The French Zone of the Armies, and the departments of Doubs, Jura, Ain, Haute-Savole, Seine Inferieure and Pyrences Orientales, and the arrondissements of Basses - Pyrences stouching ourselves Spanish fronter may not, however, be visited without the concurrence of the Chief French Military Mission.

Leave papers will specify the date of departure and the number of days' leave authorized. The leave will begin to to the man's arrival at the festination authorized in his leave papers, and will end at midnight after the passing of the number of days' leave expanced him. After that, the next leave train must be taken by that man back to his unit. Ridicule, degrading labor, insufficient

methods of the Borhe dealing with his captives.

"How were the Americans treated?"

M. Rollet was asked.

"They were obliged to clean the streets, and the latrines of the Crown Frince The heir to the German throne had his headquarters at that time in Charleville, the captured French town to which the Americans were taken.] This was done in order to make them appear rediculous. They, were protographed standing between six negroes from Martinique; and when the photograph was taken the segroes were order to wear tail hats.

"Did the Americans have sufficient food?" Secretary Frazier Inquired.
"No," replied M. Rollett. "Their food was insufficient. They received a loaf of bread every five days, which was as hard as leather and almost uneatable.

is hard as leather and almost uneatable. Decasinally they received a few dried egetables."

Fed by French People. "Could they subsist on this food?" between "No, but the inhabitants of Charle bikers.

ville formed a little committee to supply the prisoners with food and with linen. The food had to be given to them clan-

M. Rollett, who left Charleville on December 19, 1917, to come into France by way of Switzerland, visited the Embassy to forward to the relatives of the three American prisoners messages saying that they were still alive. The addresses they gave bim were: Mrs. James Mulhull, 177 Fifth street, Jersey City, N. J.; Mrs. R. L. Dougal, 822 East First street, Maryville, Miss; and Mrs. O. M. Haines, Wood Ward, Oklahoma. On the day the Americans were captured, he added, the American communique (published later on by the Germans) had reported five men killed and seven wounded. M. Rollett, who left Charleville on De

ported five men killed and seven wounded.

"How did you bring these adresses away without heing discovered?" the Embassy Secretary asked M. Rollet.

"They were written," he replied, "on a piece of linen which a young girl who speaks English had seemed under the lining of a cloak belonging to one of my daughters."

"Black Misery" in Germany.

In conclusion, M. Rollet was asked if, from his journey from Charleville fhrough Germany to Switzerland, he could form any idea as to conditions in Germany.

"No," be answered, "because we traveled through Alsace-Lorraine at night; but the German soldiers talked very freely about conditions in Germany, and they said that life in all parts of the Empire is black misery. They all long for peace; and the soldiers are in dread of the British and French heavy artillery."

ry." M. Rollett's deposition was subscribed and sworn to before Secretary Frazier on January 9, 1918, and a copy of it is in the archives of the American Embassy.

MARINES ADVISE SWIGGING. For Hikers They Say, It Is Better Than Sipping.

Quantico, Va.—The drinking of water at frequent intervals while on long bikes is not recommended by U. S. Marlnes, stationed here.

While the average man should consume, according to medical authorities, from two to three quarts a day, troops on the march should drink this amount at regular periods and not sip a mouthful at a time, say the Marine officers.

In Haiti, the Philippines and other countries where the Marines have been I'ul at a time, say the Marine officers.
In Haiti, the Philippines and other countries where the Marines have been compelled to hike long and hard, men who constantly sipped at their canteens were the first to become exhausted. On the contrary, the men who drank their fill every two or three hours, and not between times, proved to be the best hikers.

FREE SEEDS FOR **SOLDIER FARMERS**

Congress Votes Us Packets but Overlooks **Hoes and Spades**

dickey-birds, begin to sing sweet "Oui, oui," in the tree-tops.

For be it known that by and with the consent of the Congress of the United States, that ancient and venerable and highly profitable body which votes the money to buy us our grub has, out of the kindness of its large and collective heart, extended its privilege of free seed distribution to the United States Quartermaster Corps. So, if you heart's real control of the control of the United States Quartermaster Corps. So, if you heart's real control of the United States Quartermaster Corps. So, if you heart's real control of the United States Quartermaster Corps. So, if you heart's real control of the United States Quartermaster Corps. So, if you heart's real control of the United States Quartermaster Corps. So, if you heart's real control of the United States Quartermaster Corps. So, if you heart's real control of the United States Quartermaster Corps. So, if you heart is a control of the United States Quartermaster Corps. So, if you heart is a control of the United States Quartermaster Corps. So, if you heart is a control of the United States Quartermaster Corps. So, if you heart is a control of the United States Quartermaster Corps. So, if you heart is a control of the United States Quartermaster Corps. So, if you heart is a control of the United States Quartermaster Corps. So, if you heart is a control of the United States Quartermaster Corps. So the control of the United States Quartermaster Corps. So the control of the United States Quartermaster Corps. So the control of the United States Quartermaster Corps. So the control of the United States Quartermaster Corps. So the control of the United States Quartermaster Corps. So the control of the United States Quartermaster Corps. So the control of the United States Quartermaster Corps. So the control of the United States Quartermaster Corps. So the control of the United States Quartermaster Corps. So the control of the United States Quartermaster Corps. So the control of the United States Quartermaster Corps. So the Corps of the United States Quartermaster Corps termaster Corps. So, if you haven't received your little package of bean seed pea seed, anise seed, tomato seed, let-tuce seed, pansy seed, begonia seed, and what not, trot right up to the supply sergeant's diggings and ask him when it's coming in.

Oul, Oui-Spuds and Beans!

Oul, Oui—Spuds and Beans!

No kidding; you know yourself you're grumbling now because all you get in the line of vegetables is spuds, and beans, and spuds, and beans, and beans, and beans, and beans, and spuds, and beans, and beans, and beans, and beans, and sends and spuds, and beans, and spuds, and beans, and sends and spuds, and beans, and sends and spuds, and beans, and spuds, and beans, and sends and spuds, and beans, and spuds, and beans, and spuds, and beans, and sends an

MESSAGE FROM OUR CHIEF ARMY MEN BUILD AN **OVER-SEAS PITTSBURGH**

Mammoth Warehouses and the World's Largest Cold Storage Plant Spring Up in Three Months.

FORESTERS AND ENGINEERS DOING THE WORK.

'Winter of Our Discontent" Sees Big Job of Preparation Speeded "Somewhere" in France.

But that, Mr. Infantryman, Can-noneer, Machine-Gunner or whoever and whatever you are, is where you are, for one, dead wrong. The old U. S. is making all sorts of progress here in France—progress towards your comfort, and upkeep, and safety, and toward France—progress towards your comfort, and upkeep, and safety, and toward that of the millions who are coming along to play your game with you. Not only your particular section, perhaps, but, in a certain spot in inland France, the old U. S. has been engaged in big dongs this winter, doing big things as only Americans can do 'em and putting them through with the speed and drive that, as we like to think, only the Yanks can put into an undertaking and the work which the old U. S. has beeing doing at that particular place in France, has excited the outspoken admiration and surprise of every officer of the Allied armies who has watched it grow.

In three months this spot in France has been transformed from an insignificant railroad station—such as White River Junction, New Hampshire, or Princeton Junction, in New Jersey, say—surrounded by wild woodland and rolling plains, into a regular young Pittsburgh of industry, Fact! Not only a young Pittsburgh of industry, but a young Chicago of meat refrigentors, a young Roston of bean stowawayeries, a young New York water front of warehouses. Just for example, the warehouses already put up at this place will hold more stuff than the new Pennsylvania Railroad freight terminal in Chicago, which is some monster of its kind.

Cold Storage Plants.

Wait: That's only a sample. The foundations are already on the ground for—now, get this: it's straight dope, no bull—for what will be the largest refrigerating cold storage plant in the world. Its construction, by the time this article sees the light of print, will be well under way. It will have a manufacturing capacity of 500 tons of ice, and will be capable of handling 2,000 tons of fresh beef daily, besides having storage space for 5,000 tons of beef additional, to say nothing of other fresh food supplies

beef daily, besides having storage space for 5,000 tons of beef additional, to say nothing of other fresh food supplies whenever they may be awaiting shipment up forward to the men in the Amexforce.

A.E.F. Garden Enthusiasts Speculate Upon Probability of Flower Pots in Tin Derbies.

Screent Carey, quite contrary, How does your garden ground Tomato hads, and Kerry spuds, And string beans all (n a roof)
That's the song some of us will be simply when the ground gets a little softer—oh yes, it will be much muddled before long—and the grass, what there is left of it, gets a little greener, and the dickey-birds, begin to sing sweet "Out."

beef daily, besides having storage space for 5,000 tons of beef additional, to say nothing of other fresh food supplies wheneve fixed in the Amexforce.

A.E.F. Garden Enthusiasts Speculate Upon Probability of Flower power they may be awaiting shipment up forward to the men in the Amexforce.

Along with a refrigerating plant of that magnitude, there have also been goon in up-tooling up-all during the time you thought there was "nothing doing" over there, to—a number of menster storage houses for ammunition and other indam mable supplies. These are built of real id to you to-night."

That's the song some of us will be simply when the ground gets a little string the mount of the plant of the plant of the plant from the nearest body of water. Hundlede the locked for a kild it nin't bad—it's her had to be laid in a mile—the distance of the plant from the nearest body of water. Hundledely be for a kild it nin't bad—it's her had to be a laid in the bad—it's her had to be a laid to some the plant from the nearest body of water. Hundledely be for a kild it nin't bad—it's her had for a kild it nin't bad—it's her had to free it and the plant of the plant from the nearest body of water. Hundledely before long—and the grass, what there is left of it, gets a little greener, and the distance of the plant from the nearest body of water. Hundledely before long—and the grass water from the nearest from the nearest body of water. Hundreds of miles of auxiliary piping have already been laid, and the water supply will be more than adequate for mechanical purposes and for protection against fire.

Regulars Lend a Hand.

Regulars Lend a Hand.

The warehouses themselves are one story buildings, 50 by 30 feet in dimension, constructed in rews of fours, with loading and unloading tracks between them and with big doors in their sides, making easy the quick handling of the supplies to be stowed therein. Goods for four branches of the service are to be stored in them—machinery, ordinance You see, we'd been pais from child-supplies, medical necessaries, and all the varied articles handled by the Quarter-master's Corps. The construction of the buildings has been in the hands of a regiment of railroad engineers and a forestry regiment, assisted by companies detailed from regular regiments.

You, Mr. Infantryman, out there for heaven knows how many hours a day jabbing at a straw-filled burlap bag and pretending it's old Rat-Face, the Crown Prince—beer doing that ever since you came over here, haven't you?

You, Mr. Artilleryman, loading, unloading, standing clear, and all the rest of it until your back aches and your eardrums wellnigh cave ln—
You Mr. Machine-Gunner, going out every day and lugging about a ton of assorted hardware and cuttery around a vacant lob—
You, Mr. Marine, land-logged, landsick, trying out your web feet in wading through the muddy depths of Europe instead of wading ashore through the roaring surr-yin! hi-ho, and a bottia grape julce!—

No Delay About Moving Im.

Our Uncle Samuel, be it remembered.

Our Uncle Samuel, be it remembered is a cautious old gent, and looks well seem as though you weren't getting anywhere at times, now does it? Doesn't seem as though you had many any particular progress, eh, what? Doesn't seem to have made the beef any tenticular progress, eh, what? Doesn't seem to have made the beef any tenticular progress, eh, what? Doesn't whole job is cleaned up, and he's kindle control of the weather and what not, for some time, haven't they?

With Speed and Drive.

But that, Mr. Infantryman, Cannoneer, Machine-Gunner or whoever and whatever you are, is where you are, for one dead wrong. The old U. S. is

Our Uncle Samuel, be it remembered is a cautious old gent, and looks well is a cautious old gent in the start in both sides before getting any object the look is cleaned up, and desk well in the start in Our Uncle Samuel, be it remembered

No. Mr. Infantryman, Mr. Artilleryman, Mr. Machine-Gun-toter, Mr. Aviator, Mr. Wireless-buzzer, this has not been "the winter of our discontent"—

(The incident this poem describes was told by a British sergeant in a dug-out to the author—an American serving at the time in the British Army, but now fighting under the Stars and Stripes.

Joe was me pal, and a likely lad, as gay as gay could be;
The worst I expected to happen was the leave that would set him free
To visit the wife and the kiddles; but they're waiting for him in vain.
All along of a Boche wot peppered our water and ration train.

You see, w'd been pals from childhood; him and me chummed through school,

And when we growed up and got mar-ried we put our spare kale in s

kids.—
Now the Hun—damn his soul—has taken his toll, and me pai had te cash in his bids.
That night when we left the ration dump to face the dark ahead,
I can never forget the look on his face when he picked up his kit and said "Another trip to the front, old lad; we'll take 'em their buily and ten:
"We'll catch hell to-night, but we'll get there all right; take 'em their buily and ten;

could be, and pure from his ceat.

Says he, "Listen, lad, for a kid it nin't bad—it's her birthday—she's fire tonight—

It's a ripping note this—she sends you a kiss—" and Joe, poor old pal, struck a light.

He held up the kiddle's letter—we were laughin' a bit at the scrawl.

All warm inside with a feeling—well, you know what I mean, damn it all!

Then along come a German bullst, and Joe, he wavered a mits,

Then without a word he witted down.

They carried him West that night:

A bullet hole in his temple, by God, but clutching that letter tight.

Ive forgot all me bloomin' duties, for me blood is bollin' with hate:

and I'll get that sniping rotter wing drilled me pal through the path. I'll get that sniping rotter a drilled me pal through the pate teach the dirty beggar how-Englishman sticks to his friend: ľII

ing a foot of cold steel for the so help me God to the end. HE OUGHT TO BE GOOD.

"Jim, I see that old Bill Boosma, from home, has been drafted."
"Well, Hank he ought to pass out some nifty hand salutes, all right."
"Hew's that?" "Why, look at the practice he's had bending his elbow!"

Don't Forget that War-Risk Insurance. February 12 is _t chance at it_

ARMY'S MOTOR ARMADA TO BE 50,000 STRONG

Uncle Sam's Garages and Assembling Shops Demand the Services of 150,000 Chauffeurs and Repair Men

FIRST AID AMBULANCES FOR BREAKDOWNS

Experts from American Factories to Take Charge of Efficiency Problems

Uncle Samuel has gone in to the garage business here in France. He has gone into it feet first. He knows the importance of the automobile game in modern warfare; he realizes that if Napoleon the Great had only had one 'Henry' at the battle of Waterloo, Marshal Blucher's famous advance through the mud would have been in vain. 'So he is determined, by aid of all the up-to-date motors, all the up-to-date mechanics and chauffeurs and technical experts he can muster, to prevent any of Marshal Blucher's Prussian successors from stealing a march on him.

Fifty thousand motor vehicles, roughly by speaking, represent Uncle Samuer's immediate needs for his charges in France. Of these, some 83,000 ambulances. Some 3,000 "plain darn autos," and some 3,000 "plain darn so forth, our uncle will be served by Packard trucks agent. One more sample of how this lean and this story will be over. All the motor trucks are being distributed about 160,000 men—a young army in itself.

When one stores to the factor-will have G.M.C.'s, only. This system does

When one stops to consider the factor When one stops to consider the factories, repair abops, rebuilding stations and what not that will be required, one can see that Uncle Sam's garage is going to be no five-and-ten affair. It is going to be a real infant industry all by its lonesome; and already it is a pretty husky infant, with a loud honk-honk instead of a teething cry. In fact, in the few months since our collective results in which we have building the control of the c in the few months since our collective arrival in France Uncle Sam has built up such an organization to keep his cars on the roads as to stagger the imagination of the men of big business, both of our own country and of our alless who have come to look it over.

These Are Real Experts

These Are Real Experts

The A. E. F.—and this is news to many of its members—has, right here in France, a fully equipped automobile factory which is able not only to rebuild from the ground up any of a dozen or more makes of motors, but to turn out parts, tools, anything required from the vast stores of raw materials which has been shipped overseas for the purpose, with the special machinery which has been torn up in the States and replanted here. The factory is going to employ thousands of expert mechanics, and is going to have a capacity for general repair work unequalled by any similar plant back home.

People who dwell within the gesolate

similar plant back home.

People who dwell within the gesolate region bounded by the Rhine on the west and the Russian frontier on the east have been in the habit of considering our national Uncle as a superficial sort of an old geezer; but the way he has taken hold of his automobile business proves that they have another good think coming. He hasn't overlooked a thing. Hard by his big new factory there is an "organization ground," a "salvage ground," a supply depot, and what is perhaps most important of all, the headquarters of a highly trained

shipper, say "F.O.B. Detroit." Knocked down, or unassembled, it is packed and put aboard a transport at "an American port." It makes the same voyage that we all made to "a French port." gracefully thumbing its nose at any passing submarines. As the port if is assembled, painted, duly catalogued and numbered, and given a severe oncever and several finishing touches by the experts of the technical staff and their

assistants.

For Emergency Calls

Having passed this examination, it is leaded with supplies—for even a car has to carry a pack while traveling—and headed towards the interior under charge of a picked crew of mechanics, who try it out under actual traffic conditions and adjust it. On the way it is held over at the "organization grounds," where it is given its supplementary equipment of tools, water cask, and the necessary picks, shovels and tow cables to get it out of the mud. This done, it is turned over to a new crew of men, and, as one of the component parts of a train of cars in charge of a truck company, it is sent up from "if the need is urgent, or in case there are cars aplenty in that interesting locality, it is run to a reserve station to await call.

When the car, after days or months at the front heads to the front heads to a said the form heads to a said the said the front heads to a said their said the front heads to a said the said the front heads to said the suspects of the Army, that it is and exgs selling for what it is, and exps shoulders; and the enlisted man in a former National unit whose censoring of trying to twith it; and exps selling for what it is, and exps shoulders; and the enlisted man in a for majust it. On the way it is held over at the "organization grounds," where it is given its supplementary equipment of tools, water cask, and the necessary picks, showels and tow cables to get out of the mud. This done, it during the complementary equipment of tools, water cask, and the necessary picks, showels and tow cables to get out of the mud. This done, it during the component process of the component process of

smaller tanks, while at the front itself the regular gas drums, small in size and readily transported, are available for the cars that have to run out.

Just to make sure, Uncle Sam has brought over a flying squadron of some five hundred tank cars, which again has acaused the natives to sit up and take notice. These cars are loaded from the tank ships at the posts of entry, and then sent inland to fill up the various depots. All In all, this same Uncle Sam who, by the way, is now supplying his who, by the way, is now supplying his

depots. All in all, this same Uncle Sam who, by the way, is now supplying his allies with practically all their gasoline and lubricants, is doing a pretty good and speedy job as a distributing agent.

One more sample of how this lean and canny old unk of ours uses his head, and this story will be over. All the motor trucks are being distributed about France in definite areas, according to their make; for example, a certain area will be served by Packard trucks exclusively, white another will have G.M.C.'s, and G.M.C.'s only. This system does away with the need for repair men carrying many kinds of parts, and makes it possible for one trouble-expert knowing all about one kind of car, to serve a whole district. In that way harmony of operation and speed in mending broken-down cars is secured.

NOT TO BE LED ROUND BY HAND

Continued from Page

All travel on leave by men of units situated within the French Zone of the Armies will, as far as possible, be on the special teave trains. Transportation on these trains will be furnished by the Government, and rations will be provided for both going and returning journeys. Commutation and rations while on leave will not be paid in any case. Travel on regular trains will be at the expense of the officer or soldier so traveling, at one-fourth the regular rate. Commissioned officers and army nurses will be entitled to first class, field clerks and non-commissioned officers to second and non-commissioned officers to secon class, and all others to third class accom

modations on regular trains.

Except on spetial leave trains, soldiers will be allowed to purchase second-class seats, but if a shortage of such seats should occur, they will not displace regular passengers.

Lodgings in Leave Zone

thing. Hard by his big new factory there is an "organization ground," a supply depot, and what is perhaps most important of all, the headquarters of a highly trained technical staff.

This is a staff of experts; not self-styled experts, but the real thing—big men in the automobile business representing all the important motor factores in the United States. Some of these experts inspect the broken down machines and pleces of machines in the salvage grounds, and report whether the wearing out process was due to a chanfleur's mishandling of the car, to the use of poor material in its construction, or to something wrong in its original designing.

Working "On the Ground"

If it is the chauffeur or mechanic who was responsible, he, wherever he is, is hauled up on the carpet. If the fault is found to lie with the factory in the States that turned out the machine, the representative of that company on the board of experts reports the facts to the home office himself, with recommendations for future betterment. In making out his recommendations for a car of a new design, peculiarly fitted to traffic and combat conditions in France, his co-workers on the board lend him their assistance. In this way defects in cars of the servers on the board and the responsibility placed at once, so that the responsibil

THE SUPREME SACRIFICE.

(Corset makers all over the United States are forsaking that line of business in order to devote their factories to the turning out of gas masks for the Army.

News item from the States.)

THE ANZAC DICTIONARY.

ARCHIE.—A person who aims high and is not discouraged by daily failures.

A.W.L.—An expensive form of amusement entailing loss to the Commonwealth and extra work for one's pals.

BARRAGE.—That which shelters or protects, often in an offensive sense, i.e., loud music forms a barrage against the activity of a bore; a barrage of young brothers and sisters interfers with the object of a visit; and an orchard is said to be barraged by a large dog or an active owner.

BEER.—A much appreciated form of

BEER.—A much appreciated form of nectar now replaced by a colored liquor of a light yellow taste.

or a fight yellow taste.

CAMOUFLAGE.—A thin screen disguising or concealing the main thing,
i.e., a camouflage of cause covers the iniquity of stale fish; a suitor camouflages
his true love by paying attention to auother girl; ladies in evening dress may
or may not adequately camouflage their
charms; and men resort to a light charms; and men resort to a light camouflage of drink to conceal a sorrow

r joy.

CIVILIAN.—A male person of tender or great age, or else of weak intellect

FREE SEEDS FOR

Continued from Page 1

oughboy. Consider their ways. Get

doughboy. Consider their ways. Get wise.

They're hard up for food, as you know; and at that, to judge from the reports from back home, they're no blooming curiosities. But look at what they do about it.

But look at what they do about it. Instead of folding their hands, sayling, "C'est la guerre," they go out and dig, and then plant, and then bee, and finally they have fresh vegetables—and backaches—to show for it. You can't go anywhere said they do anywhere heads of the say without stumbling over their eneat and well-kept-up little garden patches. And, with butter selling at what it is, and eggs selling for what they do, and everything else in the eats line skybooting in price, those little is shoulders; and the enlisted man feels only some the state hands.

around in a day or so, it is towed back to be overhauled from A to Izzard.

For a the suplying of this autorarmadh, Uncle Sam, who seems to have overlooked nothing, has dotted the main routes from the Atlantic coast of France in the stations. At the ports of entry themsations. At the ports of entry themsations. At the ports of entry themsations. At the ports of entry themsations is the serves he has erected immense storage tanks, each capable of holding to the precious of t

HIS MORNING'S MAIL IS 8,000 LETTERS

Base Censor Reads Them All, Including 600 Not in English

"Now, how the devil did he pick mine out of the pile?"

Shuddering, a young American in France gazed at the envelope before him. ed in his own handwriting, to be sure, but with its end cut open and stout sticker partially closing the cut. Stamped upon the face of the envelope were the fatal words "Examined by Base Censor." And the words, because of the gloom they brought the young man, were properly framed within a deep black

It was this way: The young man in uestion had been carrying on, for some

time, a more or less hectic correspon dence with a mademoiselle tres char mante in a not far distant town. That DIGGER.—A friend, pal, or comrade, snonymous with cobblers; a white man who runs straight.

DUD.—A negative term signifying tuselss, ineffective or worthless, e.g., a "dud" egg; a "dud of a girl" is one who is unattractive; and a dud joke falls flat.

DUGOUT.—A deep recess in the earth usually too small. As an adjective it is used to denote that such a one avoids hopping over the begs, or, indeed, venturing of into the open air in a trench. At times the word is used to denote antiquated relics employed temporarily.

HOME.—The place or places where Billizac would fain be when the job is done. Also known as "Our Land" and "Happyland."

HOPOVER.—A departure from a fixed point into the Unknown, also the first step in a serious undertaking.

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HOPOVER.—A departure from a fixed point into the Unknown also the first step in a serious undertaking.

HOPOVER.—A departure from a fixed point into in itself would be harmless enough if he

comfort and pleasure, involving the cessation of work; not to be confounded with sick leave. Time is measured by leaves denoting intervals of from three months to three years. Leave on the other hand is measured by time, usually too short.

MID—Unpleasantness, generally conceived with delay, danger or extreme discomfort. Hence a special meaning of baseness in "bis name is mud."

OVER THE RAGS—The intensive form of danger; denoting a test of flusses and experience for Billizac and his brethren.

RELIEF—A slow process of changing places; occurs in Shakespeare; "for this relief many thanks."

REST—A mythical period between

places; occurs in Shakespeare; "for this relief many thanks."

REST.—A mythical period between being relieved and relieving in the renches, which is ausuly spent in walking away from the line and returning straight back in poor weather and at short notice.

SALVAGE.—To recue unused property and make use of it. The word is also used of the property rescued. Property salvaged in the presence of the owner leads to trouble and is not done by an expert.

SOUVENIR.—Is generally used in the same sense as salvage but of small, easily portable articles. Coal or firewood for instance, is salvaged at night, but an electric torch would be souvenired.

**SUIVINI.—A successful enterprise or undertaking usually involving surprise. A large scale stunt lacks the latter and is termed a "push", and the element of success is not essential.

TRENCHIES.—Long narrow excavations in earth or chalk, sometimes filled with mud containing soldiers, bits of soldiers, salvage and alleged shelters.

WIND UP.—An nerated condition of mind due to apprehension as to what may happen next. In some cases amounting to an incurable disease closely allied.

STEPSINCHIES.—Long narrow excavations in earth or chalk, sometimes filled with mud containing soldiers, bits of soldiers, salvage and alleged shelters.

WIND UP.—An nerated condition of mind due to apprehension as to what may happen next. In some cases amounting to an incurable disease closely allied. mind due to apprehension as to what may happen next, in some cases amounting to an incurable disease closely allied to "cold feet."

ZERO.—A convenient way of expressing an indefinite time or date, i.e., will meet you at zero; call me at zero plus 30; or, to a debt collector, pay day at zero.—Aussie, the Australian Soldiers' Magazine.

An interesting by-product of the censors' work is the discovery of foreign language interpreters within the ranks of the army. One soldier, for example wrote in Turkish and wrote so well that the censor handling the letters in that tangled tongue passed on his name to those higher up. As a result, the man was detailed to the interpreters' corps where he is now serving his adoptd country ably and well.

country ably and well.

Seldom, say the members of the censor's staff, is anything forbidden found in the foreign language letters. The only striking feature about them as a whole is the small number that are written in German. In fact the Chinese letters as a rule outnumber those expressed in the language of the Kaiser.

them was anxious to describe a certain city in this fair land. "You know grand-mother's first name," he wrote naively, thinking it would get by. But the particular censor it came before, having a New England grandmother of his own, promptly sent the letter back with the added comment, "Yes, and so do I! Can it!"

Another man was so bold as to write Another man was so bold as to write. "The name of the town where I am located is the same as that of the dance hall on Umptumpus avenue in —" well, a certain well-known American city. He was also caught up: for the censor, being himself somewhat of a man of the world, shot the letter back with the tart comment: "I've been there, too."

ment: "I've been there, too."

Those two men, however, were more fortunate than the average in having their letters sent back to them for revision. The usual scheme is for the censor to cilp out completely the portion of the letter carrying the damaging information. In case, therefore, a man has written something innocuous—but Interesting none the less to his correspondent—on the other side, he is simply "out of luck." One can see it pays to be careful.

ful.

On the whole—aside from the mania which seems to have possessed some men to give away the location of their units in France—the censoring officials declare that the army deserves a great deal of credit for living up to both the letter and the spirit of the censor's code. They do, however, find fault with the men who continually "over-address" their letters—that is, who persist in tacking on the number of their divisions to the company and regimental designations. This, formilitary reasons, is forbidden, but many men seem as yet unaware of the fact.

Many Thank-you Letters

During the first half of January the base censor's office alone handled more than 8,000 letters a day—two thousand a day increase over December, due, in doubt, to the thank-you letters which our doubt, to the thank-you letters which our distributions of the companied to the companied to the companied of the companied to the companies to the com doubt, to the thank-you letters which our dutful soldler-men felt compelled to write in -return for those bounteous Christmas boxes. In the spring, though more transports will be coming overmore men will be writing letters, but still the work will go on. The abuse of the letter-writing privilege by one man might mean the loss of many of his comrades, so the long and tough job of censoring must be "seen through."

soring must be "seen through."

So, you emarty with the private code to transmit all sorts of dope to the folks have a care! No matter how the letters pile up, old Base Censor, Inc., is always on the job! Like the roulette wheel at Monte Carlo, he'll get you in the end. no matter how lucky and clever you think yourself. Or, as Indiana's favorite poet might put it,

"The censor-man 'ull git you ef you don't watch

MIRABELLE

One striking feature of the war is the number of women and girls engaged in various kinds of work back of the lines. The British Army has thousands of them doing clerical work or driving ambulances, while in the A.E.F. their activities so far have been limited to canteen work with the Red Cross or Y. M. C, A.

Most of the are practical individuals doing a lot of good, but occasionally one slips over imbued with the idea that soldiers are sort of overgrown bacteriological specimens to be studied and handled only with sterilized gloves. Possibly one of the latter inspired a certain A.E.F. private to lapse into poetry after he had stowed her baggage away and heard her dissertation on what the camp needed. His verses were:

The ether ethered, The cosmos coughed, Mirabelle whispered— The words were soft:

"I shall go," Mirabelle said—And her voice, how it bled!—"I shall go to be burt
By the dead, dead, dead.
To be hurt, hurt, hurt"—Oh, the sad, sweet mien, And the dreepy droop Of that all-nut bean!

"One must grow," Mirabelle wailed, "And one grows by the knife. "And one grows by the knife
I shall grow in my soul
In that awful strife.
Let me go, let me grow."
Was the theme of her dirge:
"Let the sobblest of sobs
Through my bosom surge."

The sergeant took a lean On the canteen door The captain ran away: "What a bore! What a bore!"

WAR RISK **INSURANCE**

February 12 is the last day to take out war risk insurance.

THE MACHINE-GUN SONG.

(As rendered by a certain battation of amex mitralleurs, to the tune of "Lord Geoffrey Amherst.")

We've come from old New England for to blast the bloomin' Huns, We have sailed from afar across the

sea:
We will drive the Boche before us with
our baby-beauty guns
To the heart of the Rhine countree!
And to his German majesty we will not

spray his carcass with our But to And when we're through with pepp'ring him, we'll make the lobster sing As we ride him into Berlin on a rail!

CHORUS.

Oh. machine guns, machine guns They're the things to rake the Kaiser aft and fore!

They re the things to rame
Kaiser aft and fore!
May then never jam on us
Till we've gone and won this goshdarn war!
Oh, machine guns are the handy things
to drive the Fritzy out
When he hides back of bags of sand:
And machine guns are the dandy things
to put the Hun to rout
If he tries to regain his land.
So just keep the clips a-comin, and we'll
give her all the juice
As we speed along our glorious way:
And Von Hindenburg and Ludendorff
will beat it like the deuce
When the little old rat-rattlers start
to play!

CHOBUS

Oh, machine guns, machine guns!
They're the things to rake the
Kaiser aft and fore!
May they never jam on us
Till we've gone and won this goshdar war!

CAN'T DO WITHOUT 'EM

Scene: An A.E.F. cookshack, during

Enter, to the cook standing at atten-tion, one major, U.S.M.C., acompanied by one major, British Army Medica Corps. U.S. Major: "Well, cook, how's every thing going?"

Cook: Rotten, sir; men are either all sick or away on D.S., and there's only the mess sergeant and myself to took out for things. You can't get along without K.P.'a."

without K.P.'a."

U.S. Major (to his British friend):
"Major, you told me you knew a good
deal of American Army slang; what
would you say our friend the cook meant
by 'K.P.'s'?" British Major: "K.P.'s? Wby, ab-er, should say that cook was undoubtedly eferring to the Knights of Pythias!"

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PATRONISED BY AMERICANS.

ONE EYE IS NOT TRUE BLUE So a Hoosier Patriot Tries to Re-turn It to Berlin.

Paul Gary of Anderson, Indiana, is all American, with the exception of a glass eye. The substitute optic is alien. Gary tried to enlist in the U. S. Marine Corps at their recruiting station in Louisville, Ky., but was rejected when his infirmity was discovered by Sergeant G. C. Wright. "Didn't you know that the loss of an eye would prevent your enlisting?" asked the sergeant. "I thought it might," explained Gary, "but this glass blinker is the only part of me that was made in Germany, and I

out this glass blinker is the only part of me that was made in Germany, and I want to take it back." He was advised to mail it.

QUITE RIGHT.

"Do you suffer from headaches?" queried the M. O.

"Certainly I do," rejoined the hurried infantry officer. "If I enjoyed them as I do whisky and sods, I wouldn't have consulted you!"—Aussie, the Australian Soldiers' Magazine.

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-GERMAN BRANDS YOUNG MOTHER WITH AN IRON.

Victim of a Violation Officially Labeled by Army Authorities.

PAINT BADGE FOR OTHERS

Children of German Fathers Catalogued as the Government's Property.

PORCED INTO MENIAL SERVICE

Germany as is their custom, disclosed the latest effort of the German army. French women and girls had been made

"Among the refugees who passed along the roads making their way southward farther into France after we made our first big advance were scores of women and girls, each marked on her breast by a cross in red paint." said the officer. "These were disclosed when the refugees passed in front of our medical officers who were inspecting them. All of them were about to become mothers, and the French interpreter who was assisting the medicos explained that the cross indicated that German soldiers were the fathers. The crosses had been painted on them, the women explained, to show that their children would belong to the German Government.

This Iron Cross Red Hot.

This Iron Cross Red Hot.

"One of these unfortunates, apparently not more than seventeen years of age, had not only been painted but branded with a hot iron so that she would be marked for life with the sign of the cross. She said that a German officer would be the father of her child. This officer, the girl said, had been quartered in her parents' home and she had been forced to accede to his desires. "After her health became such that

had been forced to accede to his desires.

"After her health became such that he bad no further use for her, she said, he ordered her to act as his personal servant, doing the menial work in his chamber. It was not long until she was unable to continue this and then, angered at her weakness, he ordered soldiers to scour the paint from her breast and burn the cross into her flesh. When this was done, she was forced to leave her home and taken to a maternity hospital which the army had established for other girls and women of the town in the same condition.

An Eye-Witness on "Kultur."

An Eye-Witness on "Kultur."

"I myself saw the girl who had been branded and the others who had been painted like sheep and heard their stories, as I had been detailed to supervise the return of the refugees. Thank God, America, by coming into the war, will help to stamp out this heastly kultur from the world and make it a safe, clean place to live in for your womenfolk and mine—our mothers, our sweethearts, our wives, and our daughters. I have a daughter just seventeen grimly.

WHEN PACKS ARE LIGHTEST

Probably the cow is the least complaining and discriminating of all animals, yet it is worthy of note that the wise farmer who understands his cows does everything to make them as happy as possible and studies their comfort and convenience as far as possible. This is not because he is a sentimentalist, but for the very opposite reason. He knows his cows will give more milk and he will get more money therefrom if they are contented in their bovine minds and not worried by the high cost of living and other problems.

The expert poultry man will tell you that the frame of mind of his feathered employes has a very direct bearing on the egg output, and so he tries to study their happiness.

Recently experiments have been car-

we might just have a board.

For they feed us beans for breakfast, and at noon we have 'cm, too while at light the flil our stomachs with a good grapha, and it has been proven that if the flingers of the employes are stimulated by some music they enjoy, it is possible to get more work out of them. In some Cuban cigar factories it is the customary thing to employ a man to read to the cigar makers some story which they like, as, under these conditions, they work better and faster.

All this is not done out of sentiment, again, but because it contributes to efficiency. The cow, the hen, the factory girl and the cigar wrapper do better work for being in a pleasant frame of mind.

While we of the American Expedit.

work for being in a pleasant frame of Milliary Road—A large body of land.

While we of the American Expeditionary Forces do not fall into any of these classes, the same is nevertheless probably true of us. We can be better soldiers if we are cheerful than we can if we are not. It may be difficult to see how you can sight a gun any better for smilling or bayonet a man more effectively when you are cheerful. But if we believe what we are told, this is so, and, hence, since we all want to be good soldiers, it becomes a duty toward this end to be happy. Just as it is a duty to wash your face or police your bunk, or to keep your rifle clean. It is a duty to wash your face or police your bunk, or to keep your rifle clean. It is a duty to wash your face or police your bunk, or to keep your rifle clean. It is a duty to wash your face or police your bunk, or to keep your rifle clean. It is a duty towash your face or police your bunk, or to keep your rifle clean. It is a duty towash your face or police your bunk, or to keep your rifle clean. It is a duty towash your face or police your bunk, or to keep your rifle clean. It is a duty towash your face or police your bunk, or to keep your rifle clean. It is a duty towash your face or police your bunk, or to keep your rifle value.

That is all very well and good to say, some one interrupts at this point, but you cannot be happy when your feet are sore or you do not have all you want to eat. Or, it would be easy to be happy if the mail would come, or they would "bust" the Mess Sergeant, or take some other great step forward in the improvement of the army. But we learn the improvement of the army. But we learn the improvement of the army. But we life the censor doesn't object to those crosses."

Added by Friend Censor: "Certainly into the tor it was a trively want to each of the return of the laundry to the censor doesn't object to those crosses."

Added by Friend Censor: "Certainly into the mail out. The face of the return of the laundry to the mail out. Army Rifle—Something

WHEN THE FRENCH BAND PLAYS.

There's a military band that plays, on Sunday afternoons, In a certain nameless city's quaint old square.
It can rouse the blood to battle with its patriotic tunes,
And still render hymns as gentle as a prayer.
When it starts "Ave Maria" there is no one in the throng
But would doff his cap, his heart to heaven raise:
And who would shrink from combat when, with brasses sounding strong.
There is flung out on the breeze "La Marselllaise"?

When it starts to render "Sambre et Meuse," the march that won the day At the battle of the Marne, one sees again
The grey-green bosts of Hundom melt before the stern array
Of our gallant sister-ally's blue-cled men.
And when it plays our Anthem, with rendition bold and clear—
While the khaki lads stand steady—then we feel
That, though tongues and ways may vary, we've found brothers over here,
Tried in war, and in allegiance true as steel.

For it's olive-drab, horizon-blue, packed closely side by side, Till their color sets ablaze the grey old square; And it's olive-drab, horizon-blue, whatever may betide, That will blaze the path to victory "up there."

So, while standing thus together, let us pledge anew our troth To the Cause—the world set free!—for which we fight. As the evening twilight gilds the ranks of blue and khaki both. And the bugles die away into the night.

An Officer Formerly in British Army Tells How Kultur Repopulates Itself.

A new and startling story of German atrocities is told by an American formerly in the service of the British Army, but now attending one of the AE.F. schools in preparation for a commission in the American Army. It is in accordance with other stories of the Kaiser is forcing in order to repopulate the German Empire.

The rapid British advance at Cambria, in November, when towns which the Germans had occupied for three years were captured before the latter could deport the civilian population into Germany as is their custom, disclosed the lattest effort of the German army. French women and girls had been made

conditions outside of us, but on our hearts within us, and some of the happlest men have been possessors of the happlest men bave been possessors of the unhappliest people have been possessors of great wealth who could have all they would have swritten by an old man in the American Army. It is in accordance with other stories of the prostitution of womanhood which the German Empire.

The rapid British advance at Cambria, in November, when towns which the Germans had occupied for three years were captured before the latter could deport the civilian population into Germany as is their custom, disclosed the latter fort of the German army.

French women and girls had been made

OF PIG FROM BLAZE

A Beantown Fire-Fighter Hero of Epoch-Making

"Weee-all-ecceeve-all-ecceece!"
Private John Doe, late of the Boston fire department, knew something was up when, on a certain Sunday morning not long ago, he heard that sound issuing from the second story of the house-barn in which his command was billeted. Also he saw a thin streamer of smoke, no bigger than Rhode Island, winding its way out of the house-barn door. He snifted, then hollered "Fire!"
"Fire?" echoed some of his bunk

Fire a Social Success.

It's a shame to spoil a good story, but rivate Doe did not throw down the Private Doe did not throw down the pig into an army blanket held out to receive it. He clambered down a smouldering flight of ladder stairs, with His Pigship under his arm, quite unharmed, save for a severe nervous shock. Aside from a few scorched kit bags, the loss of the top sergeant's cherished pipe, and a few lungfuls of smoke acquired by Private Doe, the fire was not a success—that is, from a historical standpoint. But as a social event, in bringing the Americans—and Private Doe, kissed by the lady mayoress for his pains, in particular—closer to the hearts of the villagers, it was decidedly there.

Honest, but Jim was the sourcest man in all o' Comp'ny G; You could sing and tell stories the whole night long, but never a cuss gave he. You could feed him turkey at Christmas-time—and Tony the cook's no shouch— But Jim wouldn't join in "Three cheers for the cook!" Gosh, but he had a grouch!

He wouldn't go up to the hill cafay when our daily hike was done. And sip his beer, and chin with the lads, the crabby son-of-agun; He'd growl if you asked him to hold the Hght, he'd snarl if you asked for a butt. Till at last the gang was 'most ready to put Jim down for a mutt.

About the first time that our mail came in, we all felt as high as a king; "What luck?" somebody hollers to Jim: he says, "Not a dad-blamed thing."

And then he goes off, in his end o' the shack, and Tom Breed swears 'at he

cried; 3ut when somebody went and repeated it Jim swore, by gad, Tom lied.

We were gettin' our mail, irregular-like for about a month or two;

VOLUNTEER VIC'S BIG IDEA

8Y LEMEN IN THE ST. LOUIS POST-DISPATCH



all, for they do not laugh back. And then they won't seem half so bad. Jaughter is a good insecticide.

Laughter is a good insecticide.

We American soldiers in France are in for a big thing. Just how big it is and how long it will last we do not know and no one can tell us. But we are determined that America shail do her part and that we as individuals shall do ours and be'the best soldiers possible, and this is some task when we remember how gallantly our Allies have fought. It will be, in our own language, "some job," and for this reason we must use every means within our power to accomplish it. So we must not forget happiness as an asset to efficient soldering. We will all smile where the coward would whimper, and laugh where the weakling would whine, and buckle down to what Robert Louis Stevenson called "The great task of happiness."

the improvement of the army. But we ses.

all know better.

Our happiness is not dependent on not! x-x-x-x-x-x!"

all?

Nevertheless, up they hustled, to see a bit of blaze lapping the edge of the house-barn door, and to hear, from within, the plaintive cry of "Weee-aheceeee-ah-eeeeeee!"

"Steady, piggy darlint!" came Private Doe's soothing accents, from the second story.

"Sure an' it's mesself will restcue yeze from this burnin' ould shack! You below there! Climb on up an' lind a hand at nullin' out the hay that's. lind a hand at pullin' out the hay that's up here, or ilse the whole place will be burnted down intoirely!"

Enter the Reserves.

Enter the Reserves.

Into the barn rushed half of Private Doe's squad. The other half, calling down the road, summoned a good two companies, which came up on the double. At this point entered, front and centre, M. le Maire of the commune, who, being the owner of the pig in distress, had more than a casual interest in the proceedings. "The fire engine! The fire engine! The fire engine!" he shouted, in accents both wild and French. But, since there had been no fire in the town in fifty years, nobody seemed to know just what he meant.

meant.

Fact! No fire in the town in fifty years! Way back in the days of Napoleon III. there had been a fire a little blaze, in the town. Think of that, you insurance men who used to write policies for clothing desilers on New York's Fast Side!

When he had sufficiently recovered his avoirdupois, M. le Maire dragged out of the Hotel de Ville, with the aid of the embattled infantrymen, some fire apparatus, of early Bourbon vintage. One private who helped handle it swears that he spotted the date "1748" on the spotted the date "1748" on the index of the change they made in Jim, They'd hustle a bit on our letters, for they's hots that's just like him; tamk, about twelve by eight by four, toward the general direction of the fire. The tank, in turn, had to be filled by

mates, coming up the road. Fire? How could there be fire in a country where not even sulphurous language served to start the kitchen kindlings? How could there be fire in a country where only every other match will light at all, at all?

But Jim? He never drew anything, and bloocy! but he was blue! Not only blue, but surrly; he was off in the whole darn shop, And once he was put onto "heavy" for talkin' back to the Top. blooey! but he was blue!
Not only blue, but surly; he was off'n
the whole darn shop,
and once he was put onto "heavy" for

> Twas a day or two before New Year's when the postal truck came in:
> The orderly fishes one out for Jim; he takes it, without a grin,
> And then, as he opens the envelope eepow! How that man did yel!:
> "A letter from James J., Junior, boys! the youngster has learnt to spell!"

So nothin' would do but the bunch of us had to read the letter through;
Twas all writ out by that kid of his. and a mighty smart kid too.
For it isn't every six-year-old at school as can take a prize.
(Like the boy wrote Jim as he had done):
and you oughter seen Jim's eyes!

Well, Jim had a mighty good New Year's; he stood the squad a treat, And now, 'stead o' turnin' out sloppy. he's always trim and neat; Fact is, the lieutenant passed the word that if Jim keeps on that way Ile'll be wearing little stripes on his arm and drawin' a bit more pay.

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a bucket brigade strung along from the scene of action to the village fountain, tout a quarter of a mile away. BIG GUNS ON FLAT CARS TO BATTER HUNS' LINES:

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Sure, he's off duty. I was talkin' to the top
the other day, and he says—

"Sure, he's the real thing! Served
two hitches in the ranks before he come
up to where he is now!"

LONG-BARRELLED 155s ARE ALSO DEADLY.

Fortresses and Mountains Crumble like Sandhills Before Blasts from the Busters.

That was a pretty fair gun for those lays. But nowadays, we speak of andiling a sixteen-inch gun to carry wenty miles. Not only do we speak of t, but we—we of the A.E.F.—actually to the handling.

The "big boys" are here. They are busters. They have more machinery attached to them than the average small factory. Because of the fact that they attached to them than the average small factory. Because of the fact that they are mounted on cars and ride on rails they are known rather as the "railroad artillery" than the heavy artillery. They have been practicing for a long time on a "blasted heath" somewhere in France, where there wasn't anything within twenty miles of them that would be hurt by their gentle attentions. And, when they do practice Jee-roosh! Hold on your car-drums and open your mouth!

Big Fellows Hard to Move.

But the actual practice at making per But the actual practice at musing perfectly good targets resemble greasespots on the oil-cloth doesn't take up but a bit of the time of the men who constitute the crew. They have to know a lot about moving the big fellow, raising him and lowering him. anchoring him so he won't right-step and left-step when he's supposed to be firing, cleaning him no for insection and the like. up for inspection and the like.

he's supposed to be firing, cleaning him up for inspection and the like.

About seventy per cent. of them learned a good deal about the firing end back in the Coast Artillery Corps in the States, but this business of riding a big gun on a railroad bed, and so forth, was new to a good many of them until revently. Now, they say, the minute the nero observer up above gives them range and so forth, they are ready to go ahead and batter the eternal daylights out of anything from the Kalserschloss down to old Hindenburg himself.

Besides the big guns that hurl a whole hardware shop-ful of steel at the enemy, there are long-barreled 155s, and deadly devices they are in their way, too. But it is about the big bables, the Instruments which, more than any other save the aeroplanes, typify for most of us the advanced methods of modern warfare, that most of the attention is centered. The 155s and the other smaller bores can be pulled up to within striking distance or the line by trucks and caterpillar tractors, but the heftiest never leave the railroad flat cars on which they are built. In other words, they are rolling stock destined to keep a rolling and a rolling and a rolling until they roll right on into Germany.

Getting One Ready to Fire.

Getting One Ready to Fire.

Getting One Ready to Fire.

It takes several hours to get a big one ready for firing but once its mechanism is started, under the emphie handling of a trained crew, it works with the prettiness and precision of an engine. First the gun rolls forward on to an arrangement of curved tracks which are called "eples," and whose tips point toward the objective. Then, to stendy the piece, twelve large woden feet are dropped by hydraulic jacks against the rails, and the gun is ready to fire. It fires, all right, sending a good ton of steel in the direction indicated by the nerial observer. When it recoils, the flat car and all slides back a good couple of yards on the rails. Then it is brought back into position again, the barrel is cooled by jets of water, the wooden feet are braced again, and the plece loaded. Even with all those operations, the big fellow can fire a good forty shots a minute.

But, though they can fire those forty.

But, though they can fire those forty per minute, each one takes a lot out of the big fellow's life. Unlike the guns of smaller calibre, they cannot be used over

When Rudyard Kipling paid his famous tribute to the late Rear-Admiral to be used in actual trench warfare, but to actual trench warfare, but to actual trench warfare, but to be used in actual trench warfare, but to actual trench warfare, but to be used in actual trench warfare, but to actual trench warfare, but to be used in actual trench warfare, but to be used

A BULL IS DURHAM'S PRIDE.

A Durham, N. C., enthusiast recently telegraphed to United States Marine Corps headquarters in Washington: "Terrier belonging to U.S. Marine kills huge rooster after battle royal in main thoroughfare. Indignant chicken fanciers witness affair and demand dog pay death penalty. Then they learn ill-fated rooster's name was "Kaiser." Result: Dog is now pride of Durham."

"HE MAY OVERHEAR IT!"

"Aw, he ain't a bad skipper—as

"Gee, though, that was some clip he run us at on the way up that hill! It pulled my cork all right, I'll tell the world!"

"Sat'day afternoon drill, too, eh? I

wonder, is he goin' to work us all eight days o' the week?"

"Aw, lay off! Don't blame him! He gets hell from higher up if he don't work us, don't he? He ain't the boss!"
"Listen, guy! I wish you'd of worked for the cap'n I had to work for in the Philippines! This bird is tame along-side o' him!"

"Who? The cap'n? Say, bo, he's a regular guy, he is!"

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THE STARS AND STRIPES is print ed at the plant of the London Daily Mail's Continental edition in Paris. The Mat's Continental edition in Paris. The paper stock is supplied by La Société Anonyme des Papeteries Darblay. Only the hearty co-operation of these two institutions, one British, one French, has made it possible for the A.E.F. to have a newspaper all its own. Unity of purpose among the representatives of three subject of the particular has suggested in productions. allied nations has succeeded in produc-ing THE STARS AND STRIPES, even as it will succeed in wining the war.

"TO THE COLORS!"

With this issue THE STARS AND STRIPES reports for active service with the A. E. F. It is your paper, and has but one axe to grind — the axe which our Uncle Samuel is whetting on the grindstone for use upon the august of the Harshurgs and the Holon ecks of the Hapsburgs and the Hohen-

onerns. THE STARS AND STRIPES is unique in that every soldier purchaser, every soldier subscriber, is a stockholder and a member of the board of directors. It isn't being run for any individual's profit, and it serves no class but the fighting men in France who wear the

so many different sorts of you, that it is more than likely that some of your hobbies have been overlooked in this our first number. Let us know.

We want to hear from that artist in We want to hear from that artist in your outfit, that ex-newspaper reporter, that short story writer, that company "funny man," and that fellow who writes the verses. We want to hear from all of you—for THE STARS AND STRIPES is your paper, first, last and all the time; for you and for those of your friends and relatives to whom you will care to send it.

THE STARS AND STRIPPES in your et. "You cannot turn me out of Belgium." "You cannot turn me out of Belgium." "You cannot turn me out of Belgium."

ill care to send it.
THE STARS AND STRIPES is up at the top o' the mast for the duration of the war. It will try to reach every one of you, every week—mud, shell-holes and fog notwithstanding. It will yield im: 'We can and will turn you out of Belgium with trade union guns and trade unionists behind them!'"

In other words, mere boastful talk will not lick Germany. Guns and talk ambulances, food, ammunition and guns, and the paymaster's car. It has a big job ahead to prove worthy of its namesake, but, with the help of all of you, it will, in good old down east parlance, "do its gol-derndest" to deliver the goods. So—Fer-ward! MARCH!

FATHER ABRAHAM.

Just one hundred and nine years ago this coming February 12, there was this coming February 12, there was born, in what was then the backwoods of Kentucky, the man whose career is smoot symbolic of the equality of opportunity afforded by our common country. By dint of hard work, laboring under the spell of poverty and of discouraging surroundings, Abraham Lincoln made himself fit to be nominated for and twice elected to the highest office with in the gift of his countrymen. Not only that; he so qualified himself that he properly his country sofely through the country sofely through the fit hat pathetic and ruined apology for that; he so qualified himself that he period which, next to the present one, proved to be the most crucial in its en-

accomplished that tremendous task largely by the exercise of the most trying—and, to those who do not possess it, the most exasperating-of all the virtues: Patience. Patience which, moreover, was coupled with a rare sense of homely humor. When pettifogging scandal-mongers sneaked up to him with tales that Grant, his most successful commander, was drinking to ex-cess, he merely smiled; said he wished he knew the brand of whisky Grant used, so he could try it on some of his other generals; kept Grant in command (for he had his own sources of information as to the general's conduct), and

tion as the general s conducty, and held his peace, trusting to time to vindicate his judgment, as it did amply.

Then, too, in his relations with the Copperheads, the pacifists of that day, who would have, as Horace Greeley put it, "let the erring sisters depart in process." Lincoln pressured patients. patience mixed with a keen apprecia-tion of the humorous side of their frantic meanderings. Through all the dark

would do well to take deep thought, on this coming anniversary, of what man-ner of man was "the prairie lawyer, master of us all." In spite of reverses to his armies, in spite of such criticism as never before or since was leveled at the head of a President, in spite of personal bereavement, in spite of the captiousness of his own chosen advisors, he saw his task through. To-day a united nation, united because he made it possible to be so, stands again in battle array to vindicate the principle which he held most dear: "That government of the people, by the people, for the people shall not perish from the earth." as never before or since was leveled at

It is our privilege, and our glory, as members of America's vanguard of lib-erty, so to fight, so to strive, that we may rightly be called the fellow countrymen of Father Abraham.

SQUARING THE TRIANGLE.

The decision of the American Army and Navy Y. M. C. A. in France not to accept as workers any more men who are accept as workers any more men who are eligible for military service will meet with the hearty approval of every member of the A. E. F. The stand of the Association in this regard will do away with one of the most frequently criticised features of its operation, and will awaken in the army a new confidence in the Y. M. C. A., and a belief in its sincerity and fairness.

The spectacle of a man of draft age, undeniably husky and fit for active service, cosily situated behind a counter during working hours, and when off duty en-

working hours, and when off duty en-joying all the privileges, and often wear-ing much of the insignia, of an officer when he had not been through the training and made the sacrifices to entitle him to such treatment, has more than once galled the feelings of the enlisted man, who, far less comfortably quartered, en-joying no privileges, knew that sooner or later he and his officers would have to take the chances "up there" while the "Y. M." man would remain in comparative safety behind. Such a spectacle inevitably led to the belief, in the minds evitably led to the belief, in the minds of many men, that certain young gentle-men with "pull" were donning the As-sociation uniform simply to escape the perils which all good men and true, wearing the khaki of the A. E. F., will sooner or later be called upon to brave. Naturally, such a belief lowered the standing of the Association in the eyes

standing of the Association in the eyes of the men actively engaged in preparation for the work of the fighting line.

THE STARS AND STRIPES feels sure that the Y. M. C. A. can recruit just as many "red-blooded" men, just as many "good mixers," among those who are older than thirty-one as among those of military age. What is more olive drab and the forest green.

Its as many olive than thirty-one as among profits go to the company funds of the soldier subscribers, and the staff of the those of military age. What is more it undoubtedly will draw from the older than thirty-one as among of the soldier subscribers, and the staff of the those of military age. What is more it undoubtedly will draw from the older than thirty-one as among of the soldier subscribers, and the staff of the those of military age. paper isn't paid a sou.

If you don't find in this, your own weekly, the things in which you are particularly interested, write to the editors, and if it is humanly possibly they will dig up the stuff you want. There will dig up the stuff you want. There are a great step toward efficiency.

TALK AND RESOLUTIONS.

In a recent speech to representatives of the British trades unions, Premier Lloyd George of England said some-

mock you. He would say in his neart:
'You cannot turn me out of Belgium
with trade union resolutions.' No; but
I will tell you the answer you can give
him: 'We can and will turn you out of

In other words, mere boastful talk will not lick Germany. Guns, and the men behind them are the only things that will do the job. There is only one way for us of the A. E. F.—the men behind the guns—to bring about the peace which the world craves, and that is by resolving to make every shot from those guns talk I isiness.

STREET OF THE PRETTY HEART.

brought his country safely through the of that pathetic and ruined apology for a street the children were playing away, as merrily as if nothing at all had happened, shouting to one another in glee And the name of that street-as the bat tered and half obliterated sign on the corner of the caved in house at the end testified—was "Rue. du Joli Coeur"— "Street of the Pretty Heart!" It The "Street of the Pretty Heart!" It

is symbolic of the way France has borne her struggle, her devastation—with the heart-free, care-free spirit of childhood. One may crush, but not conquer, a race whose children can find happiness amid such surroundings, can abandon themselves to play under the very shadow of disaster. The "Street of the Pretty Heart"—in that title is the secret of triumph of the spirit over the powers of darkness, the secret of the triumph of the spirit of France over the malignant and evil genius of her arch enemy.

SINGING ON THE HIKE.

We do not sing "by order" in this man's army, but that is no reason why we should not sing—just because we we should not sing—just because we are not ordered to do so. Singing can clip more kilos off a hike, take more lead out of a pack, drive more dampness the meanderings. Through all the dark cup in more kines on a mac, take more days of those long four years he kept lead out of a pack, drive more dampness his poise, kept his head, kept his nation out of the clothing than anything else, straight in the true course; and yet, anxiety, battered by good for the lungs is good for the heart.

erities, he found time to laugh, and to show others the way to laugh.

Every American, at home or over here, that will win this war.

We do not need to sing "highbrow stuff." We cannot imagine American troops going into battle as our Italian allies are said to, singing the national anthem, for the simple reason that we are not built that way, that's all. But we can sing something—even "All We Do Is Wait for Pay Day," or the famous ditty about the acrobatic grasshopperand, if we do, we are more than apt to find ourselves feeling a lot better for it. Morever, it will help the fellow back in the line who, because of his back in the line who, because of his cold, a badly slung pack, a tight pair of shoes, or, perhaps, bad news from home, is finding the going just a bit hard. It is the job of all of us who feel fit to do all we can, to boost along the fellow who may not feel quite so fit. It's team play that counts.

So start her off! Pitch it low enough

so everybody can reach it, and keep it going. It is an unbeatable tonic for an unbeatable army.

SPIES AND ASSES.

Beware of the man who, no matter what his uniform, no matter what his nationality, comes to you with tales of Germany's invincibility, prophecies that "the war will end in a draw," and so forth. If he is saying such things on his own account, he is a German propagandist, a spy, a paid liar, and should be reported and punished as such. If he is repeating them second hand, he is he is repeating them second hand, he is nothing but an ass, a dupe of some real propagandist, and he should be report-ed and punished just the same.

Germany thinks we are a credulous lot of people. Old Bismarck himself once cynically remarked that there was a special Providence that watched out for plumb fools and Americans. More recently, Von Papen, whom our Government asked to have withdrawn from his post as German military attache at Washington, referred to us affection to be a stacked at Washington, referred to us affection to be a stacked at Washington. consequently, Germany now hopes to weaken our resolution by sending among us these tale-bearers, these prophets of disaster, on the chance that some of us will be fools enough to bite.

The only sure and safe area to fool.

The only sure and safe way to fool The only sure and safe way to 1001 Germany in return is to report any man mouthing such pro-German sentiments, and report him at once. Your company commander will then see to it that further enemy activity by that man will be effectively stopped.

"GAS-ALERT!"

Great Britain is said to be making progress in the gentle art of extracting explosives from chestnuts. Chauncey Depew was master of that art long, long, ago.

"Keep the Home Fires Burning" is very pretty, and all that, but "keep the billet fires aglow" is a lot more practical.

Broadway, the papers tell us, is now dark after eleven o'clock at night, and thinks it a hardship. Shnicks! We could mention some French effics that, until recently, were dark after four o'clock in the afternoon.

It may be set down as a plain, unvarnished Tentonic lie that fuel has become so search in the States that minstrel shows will soo be abolished by Federal order because of lack of burnt cork.

Just think! After the war is over it'll be ike going from boyhood into manhood. We'll "graduate into long trousers" again.

Over in the States, Mondays have been declared legal holidays because of the short-age of coal. But over here, with coal and wood even scarcer, we drill on washday whether or no

What puzzles us is how Great Britain, on a diet of that war beer, can continue to product tanks that terrorize the Germans.

Mrs. Margaret Deland says she wishes every soldier in the army might see "Damaged Goods." Shucks, Mrs. Deland; we all saw damaged goods when we got our belated Christmas packages.

Mr. Charles M. Schwab has given up his private car for the duration of the war, and will, according to a despatch from the States, "do his travelling in the conventional day coach or Pullman." We, too, have given up our private cars, and now do our travelling in the conventional third-class carriages or "Hommes 40, Chevaux S."

Cheer up, lads! Pity the poor chaps back home who got married to escape the army! Between Hindenburg and a mother-in-law pick Hindenburg for an enemy, every time.

What has become of the old-fashioned troope who used to be able to roll the makin's wit one hand while nolding in a bucking hors with the other? For that matter, what ha become of the old-fashioned trooper?

"Austria Suggests Treating with N.S."-"Austria (Teadline No thanks; not now. From past performance, the chance is too good that the drinks would be doped.

Trench coats were worn by the patriotic Wall Street brokers on the New York stock exchange during that coal-less day; as if, no doubt, to imply that Wall Street is just as dangerous as the trenches. There isn't much difference: In one, you may get separated from your kale, and in the other you may get separated from your bean.

"Hertling Thinks England Doesn't Wish for Peace."—Headline. It all depends on what you mean by peace. Herr Chancellor!

Now that the Chinese mission has officially visited the Belgian front, we suppose Hindenburg will take the queue and get out from it front of there. It is a singular tribute to the originalit of the A.E.F. that not one of its member has tried to write home that ancient wheez about "the French pheasants singing the Mayonnaise."

The Kalser said he didn't want any fuss made over his birthday this year. He ever refrained from making a speech on that aus picious occasion. But, all the same, there are plenty of people who would dearly love to give him the fifty-odd spanks to which his age entities him, and who, in time, will do so.

Now that they've started with bread tickets in Paris, they might do well in some other parts of France to begin issuing rain checks.

The peanut crop in the States is reported to be small this year, which probably accounts for the decline in the number of pacifists as



ON THEIR WAY.—By CHARLES DANA GIBSON

Reproduced by courtesy of "Life."

TO THE FOLKS BACK HOME

To the fathers and mothers, sisters and brothers, wires, sweethearts, and friends of the men in the American Expeditionary Forces:

We hear that you have been regaled with some alarming stories about us of the A.E.F. and our conduct here in France. In fact, some of those stories have been relayed to us, and if they weren't so far from the truth we might be inclined to get really mad. But knowing the authors of some of them—for some of the hysterical stripe have really been over here—our first inclination is to hugh. But, after all, it's no laughing matter to be talked about behind our backs in such a reckless and irresponsible way by reckless and irresponsible people, though no doubt some of them have the best intentions in the world and think that they, and they alone, can save us. (They have probably told you that, and usked you to contribute money to their worthy cause, haven't they?) What hurts inost, however, is the thought that, though we know you are loyal to us and have the facts failth in us, perhaps these dire tales may have caused you anxiety, may even have been sorely, and entirely unduly, distressed in spirit.

Be assured that these sensational stories are nothing but myths. Absolutely nothing less and we have the facts to prove that time.

Be assured that these sensational stories are nothing but myths. Absolutely nothing else. And we have the facts to prove that they are. Listen:

should be.

Just to refute them again, here is a quotation from the report of a Protestant chaplain on active service with these same maligned troops from the "north-eastern States." Bear in mind, too, that this particular chaplain has been in the army but a short time, and these-fore brings a fresh and impartial judgment to hear on the problems. This is what he Says:

says:
"In performing my priestly functions it has been my privilege to travel considerably among the troops, and it pleases me immensely to be able to state that I find moral conditions most satisfactory. The military mensely to be able to state that I find moral conditions most satisfactory. The military authorities are vigilant in removing temptation. We have a clean army; and I am honestly convinced that the men in France are in less danger morally than they would be in service in their own country."

"The men in France are in less danger morally than they would be in service in their own country." That last clause is worth reputition. Ponder on that, dear people at home.

Here's something more. The Catholic chap-lains attached to these same slandered troops declare that, out of thousands of men admit-ted to the confessional, only three have con-fessed to sins of any magnitude. A correspondent of an internationally-known daily

been sorely, and entirely unduly, distressed been serely, and entirely and by district that these sensational stories are nothing but myths. Absolutely nothing else. And we have the facts to prove that they are. Listen:

The percentage of venereal disease in this army of yours is three-tenths of one per so, cent.—the smallest percentage on record for any army, or any orivil population, in they are well-behaved one. The statistists in the party or any army, or any orivil population, in the well-behaved one. The statistists in the portion fewer cases of drunkenness, fewer bees for military discipline among its members than has been the case with any army was ever called upon to champion. Now, to take a specific instance. A certain self-constituted "board of mortls" is quoted in a dispatch from the United States to the effect that 1,046 men of the "morth-eastern States" were locked up in the guardhouse following their first pay day. That is the story; here are the facts:

Since the troops referred to as coming from the "morth-eastern States" came to locked up in the guardhouse for all offenses—not for drunkenness alone, mind you—has been exactly 134 to date. In other words, the self-constituted champions of sobretting generously multiplied by eight the number of men locked up in the guardhouse for all offenses—not for drunkenness alone, mind you—has been exactly 134 to date. In other words, the self-constituted champions of sobretting from the unibade for infractions of trules, insubordination and the like—and to guardhouse for all offenses—not for drunkenness alone, mind you—has been exactly 134 to date. In other words, the self-constituted champions of sobretting from the report of a Protestant chaplain to require the uniform for officers, soldlers and the case of the constituted champions of sobretting from the report of a Protestant chaplain the control of the uniform for officers, soldlers and the control of the control of the uniform for officers of the A.E.F. For hand in the first of the control of the cont

NEW HEADGEAR.

The "Oversea Cap," the latest thing in military headgear, has been officially adopted as part of the uniform for officers, soldiers and other uniformed members of the A.E.F. For the latter two classes, the cap will be of 20 ounce olive drab cloth, or perhaps a little heavier. There will be no show of coloring on the cap, and the stiffening of the flap will be the same color as the cap itself. When the cap is issued to a man, he will be expected to turn in his service hat to nearest Quartermaster depot.

The offiers' Overseas cap will be the same model as that worn by the men, but the material will be that of the officers' uniform. For officers other than general officers, the stiffening at the edge of the flap will be the same color as the arm of the service to which the officer belongs, and will project far enough above the edge of the flap to give the appearance of piping when the cap is worn with the flap up. General officers will have caps with stiffening of the same color as the cap cloth itself, with a strip of gold braid an eighth of an inch to a quarter of an inch from the outside of the flap.

Except where the helmet is prescribed, officers actually commanding troops will wear the Oversea cap. At other times the Oversea or the service cap is optional.

TRENCH UNIFORMS.

Officers are also authorized to wear the so-called trench coat, with the insignia of rank

on the shoulder. This may also be worn on the raincoat. Officers serving in the Zone of Advance will be issued all articles of the en-listed man's uniform and equipment they need: and, when their duty in the trenches is over, they will return all such articles.

NEATNESS IN DRESS.

NEATNESS IN DRESS.

In connection with these new regulations concerning tolothing, it is strictly laid down that every effort must be made at all times by the olficers and men of the A.E.F. to present a neat and soldierly appearance. When men are not actually engaged on field service, it is directed that uniforms will be pressed and brushed, and that beits, leggings, shoes, boots, and brasses will be cleaned and polished. Even when on active service, it is required that advantage be taken of every opportunity to clean uniforms and equipment.

"No soldier," says the order, "will be permitted to leave bis command on pass unless be presents a neat and soldierly appearance, which will be determined at an inspection by an officer."

an officer.

AMBULANCE VENTILATION.

AMBULANCE VENTILATION.

Ford ambulances in the service of the A.E.F. are to be bored with one inch auger holes at three-inch intervals in double rows through the wooden front just at the driver's back and immediately beneath the roof; in the tailboard, also, there will be fifteen holes. This is to secure proper ventilation, as deaths have been known to occur, in other Allied services, within the enclosed bodies of the ambulances which are equipped with exhaust gas heaters. Ambulance drivers are cautioned to investigate the condition of their passengers at five-minute intervals.

TYPHOID PROPHYLAXIS.

Any men in the A.E.F. who have not as yet taken typhoid prophylaxis will be required to do so in the near future; and, in all case where it is shown that complete protective measures have not been taken, the surgeon will administer triple vaccine prophylaxis.

RED CROSS SEARCHERS.

One "searcher" of the American Red Cross may be attached to each statistical section of the Adjutant-General's department throughout the A.E.F. and in each hospital sub-section, except in field hospitals. Information as to casualties, etc., will be furnished freely to Red Cross searchers subject to the necessary restrictions as to what may be forwarded, and at what times.

The meat, coffee and sugar rations of troops engaged in work involving hard manual labor of eight hours or more a day will be increased 25 per cent, up to the end of March. This holds true in future from November to March, inclusive.

RECKLESS DRIVING.

RECKLESS DRIVING.

Reckless priving by chaufeurs is frowned upon severely in General Orders No. 11. In consequence of past accidents, it is now required that every driver of an A.E.F. motor vehicle which sustains a collision with any French vehicle or person, or kills or injures a domestic animal, will prepare a report on Form No. 124, Q.M.M.T.S., immediately after the collision and before resuming his journey. It is impressed upon the drivers that this mist be done in every case, regardless of how trivial the injury may appear to be. The driver, after making out his report, will deliver it to his immediate commanding officer with the least possible delay. Courtmartial proceedings must, in every case, be instituted against any driver who fails to render stituted against any driver who falls to render such a report immediately upon return to his station.

HARD LIQUORS.

Soldiers are forbidden either to buy or accept as gifts from the French, any whisky, brandy, champagne, or, in fact, any spiritudents of the second second forces are charged with the duty of seeing that all drinking places where the alcoholic liquors thus named are sold are designated as "off limits." They are also directed to use every endeavor to limit to the lowest possible number the places where intoxicants are sold, and to assist the French authorities in locating non-licensed resorts.

RAILROADING AT THE FRONT IS NO PICNIC

Engineer of Big Lizzie Takes Reporter for a Ride and Explains a Few Professional Difficulties.

BOCHE TRIES TO BEAN HIM WITH BOMBS.

Problems of Garb, Breakfast and Tobacco Happily Solved by "System D."

"Casey Jones—mounted up the cabin
Cascy Jones—with his orders in his hand!"

The singer, to judge from the way he rolled his r's, ought to have come from somewhere out in the pertrartric country of North America; but to judge from his costume, he might have come from about anywhere. He wore the red fex of the Algerian troops, the tunic of his Britannic Majesty's fighting forces, the horizon-blue slicker of the Armee de France, but his underpinning, as well as his voice, was downright United States. Only the khakt trousers and canvas legations are red from the store too long. They found the carcass of the officer that was with him about the officer that was with him abou Only the khaki trousers and canvas leg-

his voice, was downright United States. Only the khaki trousers and canvas leggins identified him, in part, at least, as a member of an American Railroad Engineers' Regiment.

"Up to look us over, are you." he inquired, grinning genially at the STARS AND STRIPES reporter who had made his way up right behind the fighting lines, to see the engineers at thir work of running supply trains for the French. "Well, sonny, take a good look. We ain't much on clothes"—indicating his motiey garments—"but believe me, by we're there on work! Ysee, the Boche's birdies make things pretty hot for us at times, flyin' over our perfectly good right of way and tryin' to beat us where the stack shows up bright in the dark. So we have to lay over until they fly back, and then git out and hustle to keep things moving som'ers near on schedule. At that, day before yest'day, we had every blooming train on time.

The Workings of System D.

"These duds"—indicating his international collection of garments—"I know they look funny, but what can a mand do? Well, it all works out right enough by what the French call "System D'—shift for yourself. We start out under the U.S., and we draw some—just some—clothes from them. Then they turn us over to the French gov'ment to run this here line up to the front, see? French governed to run this here the up to the front, see? French governed to run this here the up to the front, see? French governed to run this here the up to the front, see? French governed to run this here the up to the front, see? French governed to run this here the up to the front, see? French governed to run this here the up to the front here.

The along come some Canucks—damn decent chaps, too, and more like American shan anything else they've got over here—and they want to trade of with us and here we want to trade of the converse of the people along the road and the french run, as I told you, and the French carry, as I t

"These duds"—indicating his international collection of garments—"I know they look funny, but what can a man do? Well, it all works out right enough by what the French call "System D'—shift for yourself. We start out under the U.S., and we draw some—Just some—clothes from them. Then they turn us over to the French gov'ment to run this here line up to the front, see? French gov'ment gives us more clothes—some. Then along come some Canucks—damn decent chaps, too, and more like Americans than anything else they've got over here—and they want to trade off with us for some stuff. That's where the coat come from. This red dicer'—pointing to the fez—"I copped off n a nigger. Funny kind of coon he was, too; couldn't talk English, only French; and we had to teach him how to shoot crap!

"But we got three complete Uncle Sam uniforms, in three different sizes, for the use of the whole outfit. Ysee, three men from our comp'ny get leave in Paree every week, and they just nachhully got to look right when they go down there. So they match, and the odd man has the pick of the three suits, so's he can take the one that fits him. Then the other two flip up, and the guy that don't call it has to take what's left. Gen'rally he's outer luck.

"Look at this engine o' mine," con-

it has to take what's left. Gen'rally he's outer luck.

"Look at this engine o' mine," continued the engineer, pointing to the big Baldwin locomotive beside him. "Is't she a pippin, though? These little French ones look like fleas up alongside an elephant aside of her. They're forty-five like her in the same lot, bought by the French or \$45,000 a throw, and turned out at the works in Philly in twenty days. They're owned by the French now, but they've got the good old 'U.S.A.' right up there on the water-fender. See it?" He obliged with his flashlight. "Pull? They can handle 166,000 pounds without batting an eye!

must nery ve got the good old '16.S.A.' right up there on the water-tender. See it's He obliged with his flashlight. "Pull? They can handle 166.000 pounds without batting an eye!

Misses the Old Bell.

"Only trouble is," he explained, "we haven't got any spare parts for her, not even spare valves, she was rushed over bere in such a hurry. But at that, she's got it over anything that ever sailed over this line before. Why, when we first got there some of the French lines were using old engines that had been made in Germany in 1856. "Stact! One of ours, like Big Lizzie here, can do the work of three of the little fellers; and, while I'm not the one to say it, perhaps, our regiment has done the work of an outilit two and a half times as big since it came here.

"Climb up alongside of me in the cab," the engineer invited, "and we'll give her a pull up the line to the next station."

The reporter compiled, and soon his ears were startled with the long blast of a real American whistle. "Sounds like the real thing, doesn't it?" beamed his guide. "Beats' those little peanut whistles they've got on the little French dinkeys. Only thing the boys miss is pulling the old bell, but they can't do it here. Bells in this country are only used for church and for gas alarms. And it bothers' ema bit the different signals they've got to learn: One to start, two blasts to the new and climb the content of the period of the shaving process, you set the period of the shaving process, you set the period over the beauty and climb the shaving process, you set the period over the beauty and climb the shaving process, you set the period over the beauty and climb. The shaving process, you set the period over the beauty and climb the shaving process, you set the period over the beauty and climb the shaving process, you set the period over the beauty and climb." The period over the beauty and the period over the beauty and the period over the beauty and the period to shave a style a day, you no matter shave the save take the place of the wash

say simply that you wash and shave on alternate days.

In this country are only used for church and for gas alarms. And it bothers' em a bit the different signals they've got to learn: One to start, two blasts to stop, and eight for a grade crossing. Whew! How much chance would we have to blow eight for a crossing in the States and let anything get out of the way?

Every Station is a Block.

Up grade Big Lizzle puffed, and pulled away with a right good will, scuttling around the many curves in the road as if she were on a dance floor. Military railroads have to have plenty of curves, so the Boche airplanes cannot follow them too closely. At the next station the reporter had a chance to examine the office of the Illinois Central agent, all decorated with shells picked up on the famous battlefields at the head of the line, and to see the bunk house and restaurant for the men who lay over there. Every station on the line—there are seven—has an American switchmen. There is, strictly speaking, no block system in France, but each station is suposed to the the boundary of a block, and a train simply stays in one station until the one ahead is clear.

"Want some hot water?" querried the engineer of an American who, carrying a big tank, came up to the engine at one of the stations. "All right: it is int Saturday night yet, but over here you've got to wash while the washing's good. Help yourself out of the engine!" And the American did—with thanks.

The engineer of an American who carrying a big tank, came up to the engine at one of the stations. "All right: it is int Saturday night yet, but over here you've got to wash while the washing's good. Help yourself out of the engine!" And the American did—with thanks.

The engineer paused a moment to scan the sky. "Pretty dark for the Boches to be out," he remarked. "First night out we were chased by one of 'em in a machine, but we got in all right. That's and the part of the states and had to buy if over the pachine, but we got in all right. That's and the part of the sharing

umpy office paste. This done, and rubbed in a bit around the corners, you

Indoor vs. Outdoor Shaving.

around, you get started. You smeat your face with something approaching lather if you've got hot water, with a sticky, milky substance that resembles more than anything else a coating of lumpy office paste. This done, and

Indoor vs. Outdoor Shaving.

In billet shaving, somebody is always trying to climb into the bunk above over your slightly bent back while you shave—for it is impossible to get your little trench mirror directly in front of your face while you are in an upright position. In outdoor shaving—usually performed in the middle of a village square, near the town fountain—one is invariably bumped from behind by one of the lowing kine or frolicesome coits peculiar to the region; to say nothing of a stray auto truck or ambulance which may have broken loose from its moorings. These gentle digs, of course, produce far less gentle digs in one's countenance. In this way, America's soldiers, long before they reach the front, are insured to the they reach the front, are inured to the sight of blood.

sight of blood.

After you have scraped off a sufficient amount of beard to show a sufficient amount of skin to convince the Top, when he eyes you over, that you have actually shaved, you shake the lather off your razor and brush, dab what is left of the original water over the torn parts of your face, seize the opportunity, while you have the mirror before you, of combing your hair with your fingernaits, and button your shirt collar. The performance concluded, you are good for forty-eight hours more, having a perfect albit if anyone comments on your facial growth. You are not, however, in any condition to attend a revival meeting or to bless the power-that-be who condemned you to having to shave in France. France.

CRUSADERS.

shoulder, waist, and knee:
But Richard, old Cœur de Lion, didn't have a thing on me.

wear in the war zone. It should be

For while old Cour de Lion may have worn on all worn an iron casque,
He never had to tote around an English gas-proof mask:

AH! THOSE FRENCH!

"Mademoiselle, tell me: What is the difference between you and a major gen-eral?"

"Mais, oui, m'sieur, there are many

differences; which one does m'sieu "Ah, Mademoiselle, the general, he has stars upon his shoulders; but you—you, mademoiselle, have the stars in your eyes."

SHAVING IN FRANCE.

YES, THEY'RE A FEW.

Green Sentry: "Turn out the guard-officer of the Day!"

(Officer of the Day promptly salutes, indicating, "As you were!")

Green Sentry: "Never mind the Officer of the Day!"

FASHION HINTS FOR DOUGHBOYS

Overcoats are being worn much shorte



rigueur for the less formal functions of army society, such as reveille and mess, is rapidly going out of excellent authority that it will soon be supplanted by a chapeau closely resembling the cocked hat worn by certain goodly gentlemen of during skirmish drill

at Lexington and Concord, Mass. The portrait shown herewith depicts one of the makeshifts now much in vogue. Rubber boots are much the rage at this enson of the year. While not exactly

suited to town wear, and while the more conservative dressers still refuse to be seen in them at afternoon-tea, they are speedily adjusted and thus enjoy great popularity among those who are in the habit of "just making" reveille

Slickers are, at present writing, in great demand among the members of the younger army set. Those who were farsighted enough to procure the heavy black variety when it was issued last fall are counting themselves more fortunate Richard Cour de Lion was a soldier and a king;
He carried lots of hefty tools with which his foes to bing;
He cased himself in armor tough—neck, shoulder water and know, shoulder water and know.

should be (I SEE) it

For while old Cour de Lion may have worn an iron casque,
He never had to tote around an English gas-proof mask;
He never galled himself with packs that weigh about a ton, Nor—lucky Richard—did he have to clean a beastly gun.

Tis true he wore a helmet to protect himself from boulders,
But then, he had good rest for it upon his spacious shoulders;
While my tin hat is balanced on the peak of my bare dome, And after marching with it—gee! I wish that I were home!

His feet were cased in metal shoes, in length about a yard,
Which, since they were so big, I bet did not go on as hard
As Uncle Sam'yal's dancing pumps that freeze so stiff at night
That donning them at revielle is sure an awful fright.

He never had to pull a Ford from out of muddy ruts—
Although his breastplate warded spears from off his royal guts.
His Nibs was never forced to face the fire of "forty-twos"
And tear gas would have given him an awful case of blues.
He always rode a charger, while I trave on shanks' mare;
He always rode a charger, while I trave on shanks mare;
He messed on wine and venison; I eat far humbler fare.
Highand Cour de Lion didn't bave a thing on me!

YES, THEY'RE A FEW.

Henry Ford put into it.

The web belt, worn on most formal occasions, should always be well filled when the wearer contemplates a business trip. Cautious dressers do well to adjust the belt so that the pistol holster hangs within easy reach of the right hand.

Spiral pintees have advanced so far in popular favour that they are now being issued for general wear by such a conservative (but ever reliable) gent's furnishing house as the U.S.Q.M.C.D. They

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By BRAN MASH.

this season, by request.

The campaign hat, while still dc



are considered warmer than the old-style canvas leggings, although, as they take longer to put on, they are rather frowned upon by the more hasty dressers. They should be tightly wrapped if the wearer possesses a shapely lower limb; but tight wrapping is apt to result in tired feet at the end of r promenade of any duration.

The regulation field shoe has been do.

The regulation field shoe has been do. Or maybe to strain the soup,— My pillows my shoes when I tried to

any duration.

The regulation field shoe has been designated the correct footwear for business and informal occasions. Care should be taken to secure sizes which will admit of the entrance of the wearer's feet (one in each shoe) when encused in at least two pairs of socks. Although same time we were? Bum town, wasn't it?"



numerous complaints have been lodged against the hobnails which infest the soles of these shoes, it may be said in extenuation that they are indispensable for marching along slippery roads, and also extremely useful when the wearer is engaged in kicking Germans in the face.

gaged in kicking Germans in the face.

The Sam Browne belt is worn exclusively by officers serving with the American Expeditionary Forces—that is, in the American Army. It is a natty leather ornament, and much sought after. It is, in fact, the last word—dernier eri—in gentlemanly attire.

Mr FIRST NIGHT

Me and my two thin blankets As thin as my last thin dime, As thin, I guess, as a chorus girl's dress Well, I had a dandy time. I'd pull 'em up from the bettom, Whenever I started to sneeze, A couple of yanks to cover my shanks, And then how my "dogs" did freeze.



CAN YOU BLAME HER?

Teacher in French School: "Marie, what is the national anthem of La Patrie?"

Me and my two thin blankets, Bundled up under my chin; Yes, a German spy was likely the guy, And—MY--but they were thin.

Patrie?"

Little Marie: "La Marselllaise."

Teacher: "Good! Now, the national air of England?"

Little Marie: "God Save the King."

Teacher: "Very good, mon enfant!

Now, the national air of the United States?"

Little Marie: "Carteling."

Little Marie: "Certainement! It is 'Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here!"

"Well, Bill, how are you getting along with your French?"

English and American

HEARD IN THE CAFE.

"So you were down at El Paso the

"Let's see,-I knew a lad out in Kan-

since 1908, but there's a guy in our omp'ny who-"
"By the way, where dld you say you

I haven't been up in Alaska

as City and his name was-

came from in New Hampshire?

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GOOD ENOUGH FOR HIM.

"Fine! I know the words for wood, straw, beefsteak and suds; what more do I want to get by with?"

SUCH IS FAME!

"Jake, who's this Lord Reading that's the new British Ambassador to the States?"
"Reading? Say, ain't he the guy that run a railroad somewhere in Pennsyl-vania?"

"Sure enough. We hung around there at Tampa until—"
"Yes, I got a paper from my home town in Nevada that said—"
And, in spite of talk like that, there are some people back home that think there are some people back home that think there is not not promitted, more than the same people back home that the same people back home that think the same people back home that think the same people back home that the same people back home tha their own communities' men are doing all the fighting.

IN THE ARMY.

I'm there with two thin blankets,
As thin as a slice of hum.
A German spy was likely the guy
Who made them for Uncle Sam.
How did I sleep? Dou't kid me—
My bed-tick's filled with straw,
And lumps and humps and big fat bumps
That pinched till I was raw.

AMERICAN EYE CLASSES

WORLD'S FAVORITES SERIES THE IN **ODDS** ON BIG **ALLIES** BETTING

KID JOHNSON LOSES **BELT BY A KNOCKOUT**

Fighting Fireman from the Q.M.C. Defeats Champion in One Round.

By BRITT.

An extra long khakl-colored canvas belt, regulation, was turned over this week to Judson C. Pewther. Q.M.C. by Rid Johnson, of the —th Infantry. following a two minute ceremony which ended in a knockout. Which is to say. "Chartle, the Fighting Fireman," is being halled as the new heavyweight champion of G.H.Q., A.E.F.

pion of G.H.Q., A.E.F.

Kid Johnson had whipped everyone in sight at G.H.Q., and was being touted as the champlon of Amex forces. He was billed to fight both Fewther and a French heavyweight aspirant the same evening. He had to disappoint the Frenchman—fint, monsieur, FEEN-ISHED.

ISHED.

Charlie, ostensibly a modest and unassuming fireman in the offices of the Intelligence Section. General Staff, is now recognized as one of the best fighting units in the A.E.F. Report has it that he was one of the best bets on the Border, where he served in the Body Snatchers—with a long string of ring victories to his credit. He had been out of the boxing game for nearly three years, having married in the interim. but no one disputes the fact that he made a great comeback.

Right Hook Turns the Trick.

Right Hook furns the First.

The scrap took place before a crowded house. The two heavy-weights were evenly matched in height and weight.

Johnson started like all champions, confidently, and let loose a strip of ratifling lefts. Charlie faced the fusillade and coolly repiled with several vicious upper-cuts reminiscent of Border days. With frequent jabs he rocked the champion's head, and the crowd rpared.

He met John'son's rushes with a per-

pion's head, and the crowa spared.

He met Johisson's rushes with a persistent left. The champion was fighting mad and rushed in for a cleanup. As he did so, he uncovered. The opening was small but sufficient. Charlie countered with his left, then sent a swift right hook to the jaw. Johnson wilted. Three knockdowns followed. Then the champion took the count.

Techtica Charlie was on the job at

pion took the count.
Fighting Charlie was on the job at
Headquarters next morning as usual,
showing no marks of the encounter.
The petites desmoiselles, over whom
Charlie exercises daily authority, were
dumbfounded to learn that their boss
was a bruiser. But it is significant that
the fires in the Intelligence Section to
day are burning brighter than ever.

New Champion Is Modest.

New Champion is Modest.

Pewther was averse to talking about himself, but he confessed to twenty-nine years and claimed Portland, Ore., as his home. A representative of THE STARS AND STRIPES found him the afternoon after the fight seated on a coal-box reading his favortied dime novel—in which he finds a laugh in every line—and wearing the same sized hat.

"I wouldn't have broken into the game again," he declared, "but I felt that I couldn't stand by and hear the Johnson coterie putting over their sweeping challenges. It was all right to challenge the crowd, but when all the soldiers of the A. E. F. were included I figured it was up to me to register a kerplunk for the Qim. Johnson would have been champion, and let it go at that. But if there's anyone else who wants the title he can have it—unless there's something substantial in it."

Which indicates there may be some thing doing, as report has it that the downborse don't intend to let the OM.

Which indicates there may be some thing doing, as report has it that the doughboys don't intend to let the Q.M. man walk off with the championship.

A PINCH HITTER IN KHAKI.

Lank used to be something of a base ball player. In fact, he's still on the rolls of a certain National League club and back in 1914 it was Lank's mighty watting that won the world's champion

swatting that won the world's champion ship for his team.

Next to General Pershing himself and a few other generals, Lank is about the most popular soldler in France. Then his regiment—once of the National Guard—comes swinging Jown the pike the sidelines are Jammed with other soldlers who crane their necks to get a peek at him.

Lank always carries the colors. He's now color-sergeant.

"So that fella's Lank, the great ball player," you can hear one doughboy say

player," you can hear one doughboy say to another. "Well. I'll be doggonned Looks just like any other soldier, don't he?"

he?"
"What you expect to see?" will ask a soldler who has worshipped Lank's hatting average for lo! these many years. "Didja expect to see a felia wearin' a baseball uniform and carryin' a bat over his shoulder? Sure. that's Hello, Lank, howja like soldier-

ing?"

Lank will look out of the corner of his eye and then, sure that no officer is looking, reply out of the corner of his

mouth:
"We're on to the Kaiser's curves, boys
We'll hit everything those Huns plich
for home runs. No strike outs in this

for home runs.

Zame!'
Lank is the life of his regiment. In his "stove league" this Winter he has organized all kinds of baseball leagues and next Spring he's going to lead a championship team against all soldlet

comers.

If General Pershing isn't too busy Lank will try and get him to umpire some afternoon.

STRAY SHOTS.

So Grover Alexander has been draft-ed? Some squad is going to have a nifty hand grenade tosser to its credit, eh, what?

Wonder if John L., when he arrived at the pearly gates and St. Peter asked his name, gave his customary reply of. "Yours truly, John L. Sullivan?" If he did, we bet he walked right on in while the good saint was still trying to figure

FOR A LIVE SPORT PAGE.

THIS IS poor apology for A LIVE SPORT page but it MAKES A beginning and SOMEBODY had to do it AND I was the goat but WITH YOUR help we'll DO BETTER next time if you

WRITE US some notes from YOU'R CAMP and send us SOME VERSES for ONE GUY can't handle this ALL himself and ANYBODY could do the job

BETTER than I can you know WE WANT to find a

REAL SPORTING editor some-AND WISH this job

OFF ON him and then WE'LL buy a cable from

BACK home and tell him

TO HOP to 11.

INDOOR SPORTS

SATURDAY NICHT

First you take a basin, Place it on the stove, Wait about an hour or so, Shoo away the drove Of your Jeering billet mates Betting you won't dare; Then you spread a slicker On the floor with care.

Next you doff your O. D., And your undershirt, Wrap a towel 'round your waist, Wrestle with the dirt; Do not get the sponge too wet— Little drops will trickle Down a soldler's trouser legs— Golly! How they tickle!

Then you clothe yourself again— That is, to the belt; Strip off boots and putts and trou, Socks—right to the pelt; Send the goosefiesh quivering Up and down your limbs— Gosh! You aren't in quite the mood For singing gospel bymns.

Then you wash, and wash and was Dry yourself once more, Put on all your clothes again, Go to bed and snore, Wake up at the bugle's call With a cold, and sore Truly, baths in France are—well, What Sherman said of war!

SUPPLIES FIRST AID

Red Cross Canteen Serves

2000 Sandwiches and
Mugs of Coffee Daily.

The Red Cross does a lot of work
The Red Cross does a lot of work over here. Its activities in taking care of the population of the Hun-devastated districts, in clothing and feeding the ever-increasing hordes of refugees that pour in over the Swiss frontier, in supplying French and American military hospitals and in furnishing the American forces with auxiliary clothing are well known. It is not known, however, that, somewhere in that nebulous region known as somewhere in France, the Red in the days of the first Napoleon, but which is a fireplace is a mantleplece, stretching across what used to be a fireplace in the days of the First Napoleon, but which is a fireplace is a lot of dry reading—wicked-looking little books full of fascinating facts about how to kill people with a minimum of foot and mamminition. On the floor, no matter how carefully the office occupants scrape their hobnails before entering, there is always a thin coating of mud. The office the hobnails before entering, there is always at thin coating of mud. The office the hobnails before entering, there is always at thin coating of mud. The office the hobnails before entering, there is always at thin coating of mud. The office the hobnails before entering, there is always a thin coating of mud. The office the hobnails before entering, there is always at thin coating of mud. The office the hobnails before entering, there is always at thin coating of mud. The office the hobnails before entering, there is a mantleplece, stretching across what the loads affer that might well be the finance affer that might well be the finance affer that might well be the finance affer that might well be a mantleplece, stretching across what the dost affer that might well be a mantleplece, stretching across what the dost of a feet-buffer is a mantleplece, stretching across what the dost affer that might well be a mantleplece, stretching across what the dot a fleet-buffer is a mantleplece, stretching known as somewhere in France, the Red districts of the United States of Ame Cross has gone in a bit for what has generally been considered the Y. M. C. A.'s own particular game-that of run-

A's own particular game—that of running the festive army canteen.

So far as can be found out at present writing, this canteen is the only one operated by the Red Cross in France. It is run primarily for the benefit of the young American aviators whose training station is hard by. And, because aviators, breathing rarer and higher ozone than most of the rest of us, are in consequence always as hungry as kites and cormorants, this particular Red Cross canteen does a rushing business.

ness. It is situated in a long barrack-like building of the familiar type, which is partitioned off into a social room and a combination officers' dining room and a storeroom kitchen. The kitchen—as a storeroom kitchen. The kitchen—as always in anything pertaining to the army—is the all-important part. This kitchen is noteworthy for two things: If has a real stand-up-and-sit-up lunch counter, and its products are cooked and served by the deft hands of American women.

Girls Worked All Night.

Girls Worked All Night.

No dinners are served at this canteen for the airmen. Those favors are reserved for the convalescents in the hospital nearby. But the airmen are dropping in all the time for sandwiches and hot coffee, particularly after coming down, chilled and chaitering, from a flight into the upper regions of the sky. If they don't drop in to get warm ed up in that fashion, they know they are in for a scolding by the head of the canteen, an Englishwoman possessed of all an American mother's motherly in stincts and all of the English army's ideals of discipline.

There was one night that the little

ideals of discipline.

There was one night that the little Red Cross canteen was put to a severe test. Eighteen hundred Americans arrived at the aviation camp after a thirty-hour trip punctuated by no saving hot meal. The manager-matron and her girl helpers, however, stayed unnearly all night, minting hot coffee and sandwiches so that the hardships of sleeping on the cold hare ground of the hangars was somewhat mitigated for the 1.800 unfortunates.

A Repair Shop For California

A Repair Shop For Clothes.

In all the canteen disburses about 2,000 sandwiches a day, with mugs of coffee to match. In addition to that, its work ers, equipped with Norwegian fireless cookers, sally forth to the aviation field in the mornings long before dawn so that Truly, baths in France are—well, What Sherman said of war!

FOOLING THE FLEA.

You'll march in the flea parade and be glad of the chance after you've lived a week in an old French sheep shed.

"Say, I'll be glad to get back to the mosquitoes," sail a young hand-grenadier from Dallas, Tex., as he dumped his "other clothes" in the fleas-soup cauldron. "These babies chew you to death day and night. A mosquito's an ight-rider only."

The line forms on the right of the cook-shack. The cooks build big fires out in the open and set out great kettles of water. When the water begins to boil the parade begins, each man dumping in lis flea-infested clothing—uniform, socks, underwear, wristlets and blankets. The cooks begind begins to boil the parade begins, each man dumping in lis flea-infested clothing—uniform, socks, underwear, wristlets and blankets. The cooks begind begins to boil the parade begins, each man dumping in lis flea-infested clothing—uniform, socks, underwear, wristlets and blankets. The cooks begind begins to boil the parade begins, each man dumping in lis flea-infested clothing—uniform, socks, underwear, wristlets and blankets. The cooks begind begins to boil the parade begins, each man dumping in lis flea-infested clothing—uniform, socks, underwear, wristlets and blankets. The cooks begind begins to boil the parade begins, each man dumping in lis flea-infested clothing—uniform, socks, underwear, wristlets and blankets. The cooks begind begins to boil the parade begins, each man dumping in list fleas the most part of the transpart of the most part of the

OUR SANCTUM

SIMILY can't keep clear of the things. They're in the raters, in the bay, and in the planks. Weekly boiling of clothing only gives a short rellef.

Really they aren't deas at all, but a form of sheep tick. But they don't distinguish between sheep and American soldiers.

"BUTTON, BUTTON."

The Army gets some of the best ideas about equipment from the soldiers who have to use it and the soldiers who have to use

"Yours truly, John L. Sullivan?" If he did, we het he walked right on in while idd, we het he walked right on in while the good saint was still trying to figure it out.

Speaking of the great John L. we suppose that "Handsome Jim' Corbett is the only old time champion who can at all aspire to Sullivan's place in public esteem.

We seem to know the tame of this anonymous contribution, but we never have heard these words before:

We're in the trenches now,

The slacker milks the cow,
And the son of a Hun Must skeedaddle and run,
For we're in the trenches now.

The walks heededle and run,
For we're in the trenches now.

The walks heededle and run,
For we're in the trenches now.

The walks heededle and run,
For we're in the trenches now.

The walks heededle and run,
For we're in the trenches now.

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The walks heededle and run,
For we're in the trenches now.

The walks heededle and run,
For we're in the trenches now.

The walks heededle and run,
For we're in the trenches now.

The walks headed with the lift being concentrated efforts of one busky.

The walks defining the concentrated efforts of one busky.

The walks end said stove requires the concentrated efforts of one busky.

The walks end said stove requires the concentrated efforts of one busky.

The walks and profame—all the live long day to keep if coluce. Even then the window is always out of luck.

The walks are unkempt in appearance, as if the plaster had shivered involunt sail saling the wary day before the concentrated efforts of one busky.

The walks the and the pleasant the window is always out of luck.

Frist Revolution. Said stove requires the concentrated efforts of one busky.

The walks the sail s

TO CHILLY AIRMEN

the kerosene lamps. Some people ascribe the state of the celling to the grade of tobacco which the Boss smokes; but the Boss always thunders back, "Well, what the devil can a map do in a country where even cornsilk would be a bless, ing?" And, as what the Boss says goes, that ends it.

Why Hats Are Worn.

Why Hats Are Worn.

Instead of being lined with bright young men in knobby business suits and white stiff collars, the office is lined with far brighter young men in much more lusinesslike khaki. They keep their hats on while they work for they know not when they may have to dash out again into the cold and the wind and the rain. They keep their coats on for the same reason; there are no sulfr-sleeves and cuff protectors in this office, for the simple reason that there are no cuffs to be protected and that shirt-sleeves are "not military."

There is no office clock for the laggard

"not military."

There is no office clock for the laggard to watch. Instead, there are bugle calls, sounded from without. Or, again the hungry man puts the forearm bearing his wrist watch in front of his face, as if to ward off a blow, when he wants to know the time. Save for the clanking of spurs and the thumping of rubber boots it is a pretty quiet office, singularly so, in fact, considering the work that is done in it.

Take it all in all, it's a strange kind of an office, isn't is? Well, it ought to be, considering it's in a strange land. It's an army newspaper office, that's what it is—an American sanctum in the heart of France.

TACTICS GET GOAT ACROSS.

Requirements Include Perfume. Sack, a Kit Bag and Cheers.

Sack, a Kit Bag and Cheers.

From the C.O. down to "Fuzzy," who would have rather taken court martial no one wanted to leave "Jazz" behind So there was no end of indignation when the order came at a certain American port that no animals (unless useful) could go to France with the squadron "Jazz," being only a tender-hearted billy goat, could not claim exemption from remaining in the U.S.A., for, as everybody agreed, he was no earthly use, just "a poor, no-good goat." But "Jazz," did go aboard the transport, later an English railway train, next another ship and finally a French train until he arrived with the squadron at America's higgest air post in France. There I saw him the other day appreciatively licking devoted "Fuzzy's" hand.

It is not difficult to guess that "Jazz"

It is not difficult to guess that "Jazz's the mascot of "X" squadron accented is the mascor of "X" squadron, accepted by pilots and mechanics alike as talisma:

chanics' mess.

"Fuzzy" and some of his pals slipped the goat into a sack and laid him down among the cold storage meat when the time came to help loud the ship, taking care that the sack of live goat did not get into the refrigerator. When the ship was well out to sea, the sack was opened and "Jazz" crawled out blinking.

ing.

Even then "Fuzzy" was cautious. For the first days, he did not permit the animal to promenade indiscriminately, but subjected him to repeated scrubbings, following by perfume, tollet water and talcum powder. So when "Juzz" was really discovered, he smelt, but more like a barber shop than a goat. The ship's officers appreciated the joke and so did everyone else and soon "Jazz" became a favorite on deck. Repeatedly shampooed and perfumed, wearing a life-preserver, he moved about like a good sallor. But there was less joyful days ahead of him.

days ahead of him.

He did not exactly set foot on English soil as did his friends. He went ashore at an unmentionable port in a kit bag. In this he lay with the other bags, surrounded by a screen of men. "Jazz" was uncomfortable and said se in his goat way, but before he had uttered a full syllable his friends set up a cheer which drowned his voice.

HIS IS NOT A HAPPY LOT SAYS ARMY POSTAL CLERK

Works Eighteen Hours a Day and Has To Be Both a Directory of the A. E. F. and a Sherlock Holmes.

stock the whole of France for the next year and a half. Now, though"—toss-ing a long, yellow envelope across the room into a numbered pigeonhole— things have slackened up a bit. A week ago I had half an hour off to shave."

"Do the people back home cause you much bother by not addressing their letters correctly?" asked the reporter.

ters correctly?" asked the reporter.
"N-no," replied the P.S. meditatively,
"although I did get one the other day
addressed to Private Ethan Allan of the
'American Revolutionary Force. At first
I was going to send it back to Vermont,
after changing the private to Colonel,
and have the D.A.R. see that it got somewhere near old Ethe's final resting place;
but on second thought I guessed she—

"Private Wolfe Tone Moriarity, Fighting Umpth, France."

The Army Postal Service clerk surveyed the battered envelope on the desk befor him, pushed his worn Stetson back from a forehead the wrinking in white prevident of the United States disher from a forehead the wrinking in white prevident of the United States disher system, adjusted his glasses to his werry eyes, spat, and remarked:

"Easy: The Fighting Umpth was shanged over into the Steenhundred and Umpty-umpth, wasn't 1? The last that was changed over into the Steenhundred and Umpty-umpth, wasn't 1? The last that was changed over into the Steenhundred and Umpty-umpth, wasn't 1? The last that was changed over into the Steenhundred and Umpty-umpth, wasn't 1? The last that was changed over into the Steenhundred and Umpty-umpth, wasn't 1? The last that was changed over into the Steenhundred and Umpty-umpth, wasn't 1? The last that was beard from them they were at Blankville-and him to be supplied to the steenhundred and Lingary in the steenhundred and Li

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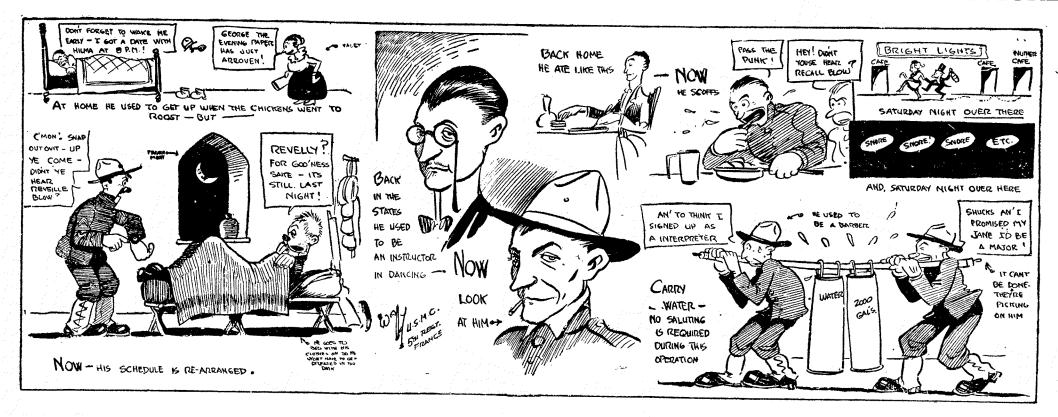
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THEN AND NOW-WAR MAKES AN AWFUL DIFFERENCE

BY WALLGREN



NO MORE CUSSING (--- IT!) AT MULES

Order (-it!) Says That Animals are Sensitive

as -

Army.

Its foremost practitioners, the mule-akinners, are shorn of their deadlest weapon of offense and defense by a recent order which directs them to use honeyed words when addressing their feathery-eared charges, instead of employing the plain, direct United States to which the mules' painfully obvious hearing organs have hitherto been attuned.

nearing organs have nitherto been attuned.

Kindness, the order says in effect, will work wonders with the genus Missouri nightingale or Indiana canary; if spoken to with proper regard for his or her feelings, a mule will oftentimes go so far as to place his or her hoof in a driver's lap. When one is able, with impunity, to tickle a mule behind the ear (either ear will do) one is adjudged proficent in interpreting the esthetic aspirations of the beast; and all mule-skinners are exhorted to apply the ear-tickling proposition as a sort of acid test both as to the tractability of their charges and their own ability as mule-tamers. The application of this test, it is held, will keep the mule-skinners too fully occupied to be able to cuss or to care a cuss about cussing.

This Stuff is Out o' Date.

This Stuff is Out o' Date.

But, men of the Old Army, particularly those who have trained with mountain batteries. think of what is passing! Think of what the younger and more effete generation of mules is missing! No more beneath the starry flag will be heard such he-language as this:—

"Come on, Maud, you — Hoosler —! Get a wiggle on your — good-for-nothing carcass! GIDDAP, Bill! You long-cared, fica-bitten, hay-demolishing, muddy-fanked, rock-ribbed —,—I said it! GIDDAP!"

Or with the native product: "Depechez-vous, vous — Oh, h—l, I'm out of French! Say, Jimmy! What's the word for ——? Never mind; all mules understand ——! Hey there, you ——! Make tracks!"

Now, all is changed and such dulcet properly to His Muleship as this are the

Now, all is changed and such dulcer appeals in His Muleship as this are the exter of the day:

"Get a gait on. Sapphira, you ——! Oh, hell, I forgot! Aw, c'me on now, old gir!! We sin't got the whole morning t' waste! Be a sport, old lady! Forward—hoh!

"Say, for ——. Oh, hell—I mean! Heaven! Dammit, I forgot again! You. Ananias, will you do me the esteemed favor to start the process? Will you condescend to lift at least one leg?"

Rut This Stuff Does the Job.

But This Stuff Does the Job.

Anapias puts one hoof forward in ex-perimental manner, then stops. About this time a brother mule-skinner enters, mouthing a corncob pipe. Says he to the first mule-skinner: "Whattsmatter Larry? Don't they

"Whattamatter. Jerry? Don't they budge? Livin' up to orders, be yeh? Aw. wee; way to talk to'm is third person—get me?—chird person. None o' this crude 'you' and 'yeze' stuff—same as talking' to the Skipper, y'know."
Jerry gets his mouth all faxed to say, "Aw. hell." recovers himself, and then begins: "Will the off animle kindly step at least two paces to the front?" (The mule starts to comply.) "I thank the off mule! Now, will the near mule kindly follow suit?" (It also starts to comply.) "Now, will both the near mule and the off mule be so good as to repeat the process, both pulling together, until requested to desist? Fine: off we go. Good Gawd—good Gawd!"

HOW GEORGE ADE SEES WAR.

Many Old Adages Must Be Revised If Germany Wins.

As his contribution to the National Security League's campaign of patri-otism. George Ade has written a mes-sage to our young fighting men. "We must win this war," he contends, "or must win this war," he contends, "or else revise all moral codes, rewrite all proverbs and adopt a brand new set of rules to govern conduct. If Germany is not licked to a standstill, we might as well begin to memorize and humbly accept the following:

"Blishonesty is the best policy."

"Be as mean as a skunk and you will be happy.

"Blessed are the child murderers, for they shall inherit the earth.

"Be sure you are right handy with fire-arms, then go ahead.

"An evil reputation is better than

riches. "Truth crushed to earth will not rise

again if the crushing is done in a su-perior and efficient manner. "Be virtuous and you will be miser-

"Be virtuous and you will be miserable.

"Thrice armed is he who goes around pleking quarrels.

"Might makes right.

"Be unto others as you suspect that they might do unto you if they ever got to be as disreputable as you are.

"God helps the man who helps himself to his neighbor's house and his field and his unprotected women.

his unprotected women.

GLORIFIED.

squirm!

I wore a shake, and a lot of braid,
And I startled fire horses when

As a second lieut, a-wearing of my

ciad
In a sporty costume made of shepherd's plaid;
I tried pink neckties and vermillion

back the clocks. But when I took Uncle Sam's de-

see
I'm a second lieut. no longer clad
in plain O. D.!

Means that nevermore for splendor shall my young soul grieve.—
For bars and braid, you can plainly see.

dress parade; But they took all glory away from

And when I went out walking, I set

gree
I was nothing but a second lieut, in
plain O. D.
business, too, I made quite a

splurge
In a nobby garment made of ultra-

stars;
And the little stripe upon my blouse's

see, Make an awfui lot of difference on plain O. D.!

Cussing, as a fine art, is doomed in the of the compact practitions as the multiple of the compact practitions as the multiple of the compact practitions are the multiple of the compact practitions as the multiple of the compact practitions are the multiple of the compact practitions as the multiple of the compact practitions are the multiple of the compact practitions are the multiple of the compact practitions are the multiple of the compact practition and the compact practition are the compact practically as the compact practical are the compact practical

(With apologies to the late Sir W. S. Gilbert.)

When I was a lad I served a term In a military school—how it made a

plain O. D.

When I went to college, I was gayly clad

serge;
With rings and watchfob and a stickpin, too,
I could show all the dandles of the
town a fewSo think what a comedown 'twas
for me
As a second lieut. a-wearing of my
plain O. D.

But now, however, they have gone so far
As to place on my shoulderstrap a neat gold bar,
And they've sewn a dido on my overcoat,
Which, while it lends distinction,

coat,
Which, while it lends distinction,
nearly gets my goat;
So now, at last, you can plainly

I'm proud, believe me, of those new gold bars— I wouldn't swap 'em for the General's

THE PASSING OF THE CAMPAIGN HAT.

"The campaign hat is going; 'twill soon be tres passé—
The winds of war got under it and blew it far away;
The General (he who owned it) cussed, as Generals sometimes do:
"Get us," he cried, "a hat to stick; with this blank kind I'm through!"
His orderly picked up the hat, all battered, torn and frayed,
"Quite right," he ruminated, "you won't do for parade;
Yet, good old lid, you've got your place—perhaps not over here,
But there are regions in the States that hold your memory dear.

"The shadow of your ugly shape has blacked the Western plains; It brought relief to border towns all soaked with tropic rains; The sight of you, at column's head, made redskins turn and flee,—O'er barren land you've led the van that fights for Liberty. The Filipino knows you; his protection you have meant, And the wily Pancho Villa never dared to try and dent The contour of your homely crown or chip your wobbly brim,—You, old chapeau, spelt susiness; and that left no room for him!

"From far Alaska's ice-bound coast to Porto Rico's strand,
You've kept the sun and rain and sleet from Uncle Sam'yal's band;
You've stood for no blame nonsense, and you've brooked no talking back,
And cleaner towns and cities fair have sprung up in your track,
You—what's the use?—you've been there since the days of 'Nincty-Eight—
You've weathered twenty years of squalls—and now you get the gatg!
But you're too good a soldier, old dip, to cuss or cry;
So—(there he heaved it into space)—goodby, old hat; godby!"

OVER THE TOP THREE WAYS.

Feet, Tank and Plane Tried by this

U. S. Officer—Ready for Next.

If they ever invent a new way of going over the top, there's one American officer who will probably be on hand to try the new wrinkle. The French Government has decorated him with the Croix de Guerre for going over the sacks in every way known to date.

First, he went over with the French infantry in an attack last spring. Though detailed as an observer, and not required to take too many chances, the officer was one of the first wave to cross No Man's one of the first wave to cross No Man's one of the first wave to cross No Man's "Yours truly,"

"In Don't Needum, Pvt., A. E. F." over the top, there's one American officer who will probably be on hand to try the new wrinkle. The French Government has decorated him with the Croix de Guerre for going over the sacks in every way known to date.

First, he went over with the French Infantry in an attack last spring. Though detailed as an observer, and not required to take too many chances, the officer was one of the first wave to cross No Man's Land. He stayed with his unit until the objective was gained, and when it

Land. He stayed with his unit until the objective was gained, and when it had to fall back before a heavy counter-attack he fell back fighting with it. Some weeks later he went over the top in a tank. He followed that trip a few days later by an aeroplane observation flight. For the greater part of an afternoon the plane crulsed up and down a German sector watching the effect of big French shells on concrete defences.

defences.

The Boche anti-aircraft guns made it warm for the American filer, but he was still an enthusiastic aviator when the plane came to a successful landing on its own field at dusk.

WHERE HE GETS OFF.

(A sample letter).

France, January, 1918 I. Rookum, Gents' Tailor, U. S. A.

"I. Don't Needum, Pvt., A. E. F."

TWO SAMARITANS IN SKIRTS.

In the Modern Parable, They Aid a Pollu Chauffeur.

The woman motorcar driver has made her appearance in the zone of the army. A few of them are driving big motor trucks for the X.M.C.A. and are making good at the job.

making good at the job.
During a recent heavy snowstorm, two
trucks driven by young women were
sliding along a winding road carrying
supplies to a hut from a depot when
they came upon a big French lorry stalled in a ditch. The French soddier in
charge was tinkering with the engine,
having stalled it while trying to pull
into the road again. He wasn't having
much success.

Roth the women, garbed in short

I. Rookum, Gents' Tailor, U. S. A.

Dear Sir:—

"Your interesting advertisement spring styles for young men, knobby clothes for business wear, and so forth, just received.

"While I appreciate your thinking of me, I am glad to say I have changed my tailor, and will not require your services until peace is declared.

U. S. & Co. are now supplying me with some very nifty suitings of khaki, which I find best adapted to my present

Insure U. S. Well-Set Time Pieces.

Correct time is now being transmitted to the A. E. F. over its own system of telegraph lines. Formerly field wireless stations each day at a certain hour picked from the air figures flashed from Paris by which the clocks of the army were synchronized. This method did not insure absolute accuracy.

Each day at eleven oldects a simulation.

did not insure absolute accuracy.

Each day at eleven o'clock a simultaneous signal is sent to every station so that through the existing zone, and at the front as well, clocks and wagches show the same time. This synchronization is desirable under present conditions and it is an absolute necessity with troops at the front when, for instance, orders may specify that some operation is to be carried out at one point at a certain time and another operation at another point at another operation at another point at another imme. The success of both operations may depend upon whether they are launched on the second.

Miles upon miles of telegraph wires

launched on the second.

Miles upon miles of telegraph wires strung on poles labeled "U. S. A." now stretch through France. They may be found running to base ports, zigzagging through the instruction zone over hills, through a valley, along a roadside. On

TO FLASH THE HOUR BY ARMY WIRES. some of the poles there are double crossbeams supporting in many cases as many as ten wires. There is a complete system of operators and central exchanges as well as a considerable force of linemen and repairmen, quite a number of whom worked for telephone and telegraph companies in the United States force the war began. The "service" leaves little, if anything, to be desired.

HOW THEY SPOT US.

"Madame, where in this town can one get a drink, *il rous plait?" "Ah! I can see that M. FAmericain comes from the State of Maine!"

TRY POTATO BUGS IN BOMBS

An Ohio Man's Suggestion on How to Win the War.

to Win the War.

The war will soon be over. An Ohio man will end it. He has suggested to U.S. Marine Corps officials in Washington that they direct their aviators to drop potato bugs over Germany. He derlares there are no potato bugs in the Kaiser's realm, and since the "spud" is absolutely essential to Germany's economic welfare, the dropping of "Murphy destroyers" over the Rhine country would quickly terminate hostilities. Simple, isn't it? Marine Corps officials think so.

A BRITISH BANK CONDUCTED ON BRITISH LINES:

LLOYDS BANK (FRANCE) & NATIONAL PROVINCIAL BANK (FRANCE)

3, PLACE DE L'OPÉRA, PARIS. General Banking Business. Foreign Exchange and Transfers.

BIARRITZ: 10, Place de la Liberté, BORDEAUX: 23, Allées de Chartres, HAVRE: 1, Rue de la Bourse. 6. Jardin du Roi Albert Premier LONDON OFFICE: 60, LOMBARD STREET, E.C.3.

AMERICAN UNIVERSITY UNION IN EUROPE

(Royal Palace Hotel)

OBJECTS—The general object of the Union is to meet the needs of American university and college men and their friends who are in Europe for military or other service in the cause of the

It provides at moderate cost a home with the privileges of a simple club for these men when passing through Paris on a furlough. It aids institutions, parents or friends to secure information about college men, reporting on casualties, visiting the sick and wounded, giving advice, and in general serving as means of communication between those at home and their relatives in service.

MEMBERSHIP—The Union is supported by annual fees paid by the colleges and universities of America, all the students and alumni of which, whether graduates or not, are thereby entitled, WITHOUT PAYMENT OF ANY DUES, to the general privileges of the Union, and may call upon the Union in person or by mail to render them any reasonable service. HEADQUARTERS-On October 20, 1917, the Union took over

the exclusive use. This centrally located hotel is one block from the Louvre and the Palais Royal station of the Metro., from which all parts of the city may be reached quickly and cheaply.

PRIVILEGES—The Union offers at reasonable rates both single and double bed-rooms, with or without bath. There is hot and cold running water in all rooms, which are well heated. Room reservations should be made in advance whenever possible, as

neadquarters the Royal Palace Hotel, of which it has

only 100 men can be accommodated. The restaurant serves excellent meals both to roomers and to transients. The Lounge Room is supplied with all the leading American newspapers, magazines and college publications. The rapidly growing Library on the first floor provides fiction and serious reading, both French and English, as well as a large number of valuable reference books on the war and other subjects.

Stationery is provided in the Writing Room on the ground floor. A Canteen in the Lobby carries cigarettes and tobacco, toilet articles, candies, and a variety of other useful things. An Information Bureau is maintained in the Union Offices on the Entresol. Frequent entertainments and concerts are given. Afternoon tea is

served every Saturday, at which some American lady acts as hostess. REGISTRATION-The Union keeps an accurate index of all men who register at its Paris headquarters or at its London Branch, 16, Pall Mall East, S. W. I. It is anxious to get in touch with all college and university men in Europe, who are therefore urged to register by MAIL, giving name, college, class, European address and name and address of nearest relative at home.

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that the great French Bank, the SOCIETE GENERALE

ins very kindly agreed to act as WELLS FARGO'S CORRESPONDENT THROUGHOUT FRANCE Cable and mail transfers of money to all parts of America may be made through Wells Fargo by calling at the Société Generale

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SAINT MAZAIRE SAUMUR TOUL TOURS TROYES VALREAS VIERZON and many others.

Circulars giving full explanation of WELLS FARGO'S Banking Facilities in France may be obtained at the Branches of the Société Générale.

8, RUE DE RICHELIEU. PARIS

AMERICA'S BEST MEDICOS AT WORK FOR THE A. E. F.

Incomes of Specialists in the Overseas Command Would Total Enough to Pay off the National Debt.

If the incomes of all the well-known eardrum suffers, Dr. McKernon will be American specialists who have come to France to look after the health of the A.E.F. troops were lumped together they would be enough to pay off the national debt of the country and then leave sufficient to satisfy a camp store-keeper. This is no pipe dream or a simple the cases, the men with the bad listeners

sufficient to satisfy a camp store-keeper.

This is no pipe dream or a simple newspaper yarn, but the plain truth. Some of the medicos from the United States have given up earnings of such big figures they should only be mening lightest they should only be intentioned kneeling. Where they gathered in half a million at home yearly, they are accepting a major's three thousand and, service allowance, in order to see that Bill Jones from Kankakee or Sam Smith from Pleasantville has the proper

feas. So when it comes to sorting out the cases, the men with the bad listeners won't be sent to the throat specialist, nor the chap with a wounded eye made a candidate for the brainstorm man.

The Army's Big Eye Man.

Cases of eye wounds or troubles are handled by a doctor who probably knows more about the eye than any one man in America, Dr. George de Schweinitz, of Philadelphia, who has transplanted his whole sanitarium to France in order



Ward in an A.E.F. Hospital, Showing Some of the First to Pay a Visit to "Blighty."

treatment for warts in his stomach or barnacles on his thinking apparatus.

barnacles on his thinking apparatus.

In addition to separating themselves from large wads of coin and all the comforts of home, they have brought over the staffs of their various hospitals, who know all their funny ways of operating, from how best to cut a man loose from his appendix to painless extraction of the bankroll. They have also brought along all their collections of patent knives and scissors, the only thing they left behind being the doctors' bills that would take a year's service as a doughwould take a year's service as a dough boy to meet the first instalment.

A Fear to Forget.

Nearly everyone has an ingrowing objection to going to a hospital, or acknowledging he must take the count for an illness, because of fear as to what treatment he may draw. Forget it!

Forget it?

The Amexforce hospitals are not built along those lines, nor are the nurses aweet young things of fifty odd summers who hand out tracts with the morning's milk or make kittenish love to a lad who may be tied down to a bed or too weak to run away. And the doctors are not owlish-looking creatures with whiskers that would make a goat die of envy and sick-room manners that would scare a Mental Scientist into catalepsy. They are real human beings who understand the troubles of mankind from nostalgia (professional name for home-sickness) down to enlargement of the coco (unprofessional name for the swelled head) and are doing everything in their power to make a little easier the big game we are playing to a showdown with the Kaiser.

It's human nature to hate to go to

with the Kaiser.

It's human nature to hate to go to the doctor. But if the boys would only realize that if they would take their smaller troubles to the "docs" they could easily prevent them from becoming more serious ones, it would save a lot of useless suffering. Of course, that doesn't apply to treatment for the wounded, but the Army Chief Surgeon is trying his darndest to make that as perfect as possible.

A Hospital of 20,000 Beds.

A Hospital of 20,000 Beds.

In the first place, adequate hospital factlifies have been arranged for. One hospital alone has a capacity for 20,000 beds. At an emergency call, the hospitals can handle twenty per cent. of the whole Amexforce. To begin with the trenches, the Medical Department has introduced a sort of folding litter that can go around corners without having to make a man who's hit get out and walk around the bends. When he gets to the dressing station or collecting hospital, motor ambulances are ready to take him back to the evacuating hospital, where the women nurses take their chances with the men, eight to ten miles behind the line.

chances with the men, eight to ten mines behind the line.

Once his case is looked into there, he continues under the charge of that hospital chief until he gets well or is sent home. If he's moved to another hospital his record and register go with him, so that the new hospital knows immediately he was invalided for a piece of shell in his leg, and no flurried or overworked surgeon tries to operate on him for inflammation of the intestines.

From beginning to end, the best specialists in the whole of the Union are at the disposal of any one who's unfortunate enough to get hurt. If it's eyes, ears, throat, abdomen, shell shock, mental derangement, or no matter what,

mental derangement, or no matter what, one of the biggest men from home is on the job. They are not correspondence school surgeons, either.

mental derangement, or no matter what, one of the biggest men from home is on the job. They are not correspondence school surgeons, either.

Some of the Experts.

Maybe one of these is from your own home town and you know him by name or reputation: George E. Brewer, New York: George W. Crile. Cleveland: Henry Cushing, Boston, the brain specialist, who knows every cell in the think tank and just how it works and operates: F. A. Washburn, Boston: Samuel Lloyd, New York: C. L. Gibson, New York: R. H. Harte, Philadelphia; F. A. Besley, Chicago; Augus McLean, Detroit; Charles H. Peck, New York: John M. T. Finney, of Johns Hopkins, Baltimore; F. T. Murphy, St. Louis; M. Clitton, Buffalo; R. T. Miller, Pittsburgh; C. R. Clark, Youngstown, O.; E. D. Clark, Indianapolis; B. R. Shurley, Detroit; Joseph E. Flynn, Yale Medical.

If that isn't enough, associated with each of these men are other doctors whose ability is pretty well known ail over the States. For instance, Dr. Lloyd, O New York; has with him Dr. McKernon, also of the big town, one of the best ear specialists is the country, if a shell goes off too near you and the

In 2,500.

No one pretends to say that our hospitals make sickness or wounds a pleasure, but be assured of one thing. If anything happens to you, you'll be well looked after in them by the world's

A PLEA TO THE CENSOR.

ensorship rules say all you can send is joictures of yourself without background at might indicate the whereabouts of he studio or other strategic informations of the studio or other strategic information or other strategic in

leading medical and surgical authorities.

"Say," said a short, bow-legged corporal the other day, "I wanta send three pictures bome to the folks, but I dunnoo how I can get it across. These

Neither Casablanca nor Horatius at the bridge surpassed in heroism young Osmond Kelly Ingram, who threw overboard the explosives on the American destroyer Cassin in order that the German submarine's torpedo should not detonate them and destroy his ship—and gave his life for his comrades and his country in doing so. Ingram sought danger instead of feeing it. He might have saved his life without discredit. But he did not think of his life—or if he thought of it, he knew that he was deliberately sacribidng it. And he acted with instant resolution.

To his courage and his quickness

WHAT SAILOR INGRAM DID.

Neither Casabianca nor Horatius

stant resolution.

To his courage and his quickness is due the fact that Ingram's was the only life lost in the German attack on the Cassin. That result he foresaw and welcomed. He knew how to take death as his portion without an instant's hesitation, lie was of the breed of heroes, and his name will be borne forever on the nation's roll of honor.—Boston Transcript.

THE ROAD WAS OPEN.

France's wonderful highways which saved her in this war are as crooked as a jig saw puzzle, but there are excellent maps which show every road in the country. For near the fighting front, however, the new millitary roads are as broad and as good as some of the old highwars which have survived since the days of the Romans and more than a map is needed if row want to remain in ian is needed if you want to remain in

meters ahead and that the short was only reason the Boehe had not see them and favored them with a shot. Two French officers came along and in his best French one of the correspondents asked if they could get through on that

road. "Yes, if you speak German," was the answer with a laugh and in excellent

THERE'S A REASON.

"For Pete's sake. Ed. quit tryin' to pick your teeth with your fork! Mine

HOW THEY LOOK IN THE TRENCHES.



This New Official Photograph Shows Some of Our Over-seas Troops in their Ringside Costume

tion. These ain't pictures of myself, nothing like it. Wait till I tell you.

"I'm going to entitle, this series 'Rapid Transit in France.' I took 'em with a little pocket camera. There's one I took up at the port where we landed—first picture I took in France. It was. It shows one of these two-wheeled carts, with three animals hitched to it. One is a horse, one is a dog, and in the middle there's a great big old cow, and an old French feller in a blue nightshirt sittln' in the road milkin' blue nightshirt sittin' in the road milkin' the cow.

SEA SLANG PUZZLES POILU.

Trips on an Idiom and His Pride Takes a Fall.

Among the idlomatic terms adopted by United States Marines everywhere, the expression "shove off" is used more frequently than any other. In the seasoldier lingo, if a Marine goes home on furlough, leaves his camp or garrison, or goes anywhere, he "shoves off."

A story comes from France of a Marine who had been acting as orderly for a lieutenant. The officer sent him on an errand, and when he returned the lieutenant was nowhere about. A poliu, who happened to be loitering in the vicinity, was questioned by the Marine:

"Have you seen the lieutenant?"
"Oul, monsieur, oul," replied the poliu, proud of his newly acquired Marine; Corps English, "he have —what you call —pushed over."

HOW ABOUT THEM?

Things that make all the difference A letter from--(fill in name to

real soap-and-hot-water bath.

A real soap-and-not-water bath.
A real share.
Dry feet.
American tobacco.
"Good work!" from the skipper.
A home-town paper less than a month old.
"Seconds" on coffee—when it's made

YANKEE AVIATORS

Dead Engine Sneezes and Picks Up after a 2,000 Meter Drop.

SKY FULL OF CREAM PUFFS

Observer Who Falls to Surround Something Hot Faints. From the Cold.

Those were American boys who dodged Boche air patrols, laughed at anti-air-craft guns and spattered bombs upon Rombuch and Ludwigshafen far behind the Boche lines.

the Boche lines.

One of them used to be a Presbyterian minister, the Rev. Joseph Wilson, of Wheeling, W. Va., another is Bud Lehr, of Albion, Neb., who played center on a basketball team that won the State championship. The others are Charles Kinsolving and Charles Kerwood, of Philadeiphia, and George Kyle, of Portland, Orc. They are corporals in a French flying squadron situated within an hour's flight of an American infantry training camp.

Seated around the rough mess table

Seated around the rough mess table

Seated around the rough mess table in their popotte—a tiny building stuck away on a ledge of rock under a cliff—they told all about the bombing of the railroad stations and ammunition factories at Rombach and Ludwigshafen. "The old Boche almost got me that time," said Lehr, lifting the oil cloth table cover to knock wood. "The engine of my boat died on me just over Rombach. I pulled everything in sight and kicked every lever I couldut's see. Nothing doing; auti-aircraft shells bursting right on a level with me. We began to drop. I turned around to the observet and pulled a sea-sick grin.

A Sneeze Spelled Joy.

A Sneeze Spelled Joy.

"It's all off, kid, he said. 'Looks like we're through.'
"We dropped from 5,000 meters to 3,000. Then the engine sneezed, coughed and took up again. My heart and the hoat came up 2,000 meters in one jump. The rest of the formation had gone on, dropped their bombs on Rom bach and were beating it for Ludwig shafen. By the time I got back to my right altitude I could see the effects of their bombs. The railroud station was burning like a haystack and smoks was coming from the munitions plant. I circled the town and the observer released the bombs.
"Then I turned nose back towards Verdun and crossed the lines. A couple of miles behind the line the engine rarout of gas, so we came down in a field.' They circled several times on the French side of the lines before crossing in order to reach the necessary altitude. "'It's all off, kid,' he said. 'Looks

French side of the lines before crossing in order to reach the necessary altitude Kyle dropped eight bombs, most of them on the munition plant at Ludwigshafen "The sky was full of cream puffs," he said, "but it didn't bother us very much because most of the stuff was breaking above or below us. We took our time, almed for the objective, and dropped the bombs.

Can't See Bomb's Results.

Can't See Bomb's Results.

"You can't hear then explode or see the results unless you're flying quite a distance behind the squadron because we go so fast that by the time the firecets under way we are miles off. Except for Lehr's machine, we maintained our formation and came out flying in the same position. If there were any Roche patrols out in our neighborhood they knew better than to tackle us. "When we came down I found my-observer unconscious. I thought he had been hit, but he had only fainted from the cold."

the cold. "You big runmy," turning to the ob-server and swiping one of his cigar-ettes from the open box on the table— "You big runmy, I told you you had better surround something hot before starting—a bowl of oatmeal or coffee. "Glume a light now." All five are awaiting their transfer to the American flying corps.

STARS IN A HERO'S ROLE.

Movie Actor Plays Sapper In Real Rescue.

Among the candidates for officers ommissions at the A. E. F.'s training commissions at the A. E. F's training schools is a former movie star who has served his apprenticeship with the British army. To see him now, few would recognize him as one of the high steppers under the bright night lights of Broadway as he was a year ago Scized by a sudden impulse, he enlisted in the British army without waiting for America to get into the war and now in return for faithful service, has been given an opportunity by that government to fight under his own flag. Several other Americans who have also worn the British uniform, and who were sent to the school for the same purpose, fell this story of one of the former screen star's experiences:

In the durkness—locomotives, autolights in the fighting zone—a heavily

ights in the fighting zone—a heavily onded truck was struck by a train. The loaded truck was struck by a train. The truck was overturned down an embank ment, imprisoning the two men on it, killing one almost instantly and seriously injuring the other. Spurred by the latter's groans and appeals for help an officer was directing a squad of mewith crowbars and sticks in an effort to lift the truck when the former actor came up. The men were making no progress in budging the heavy wreck while there was a possibility, if they did, that it would crash down on the still living man.

"I think I can get the man out, strif I may try," the New Yorker sald saluting the officer.

"Who are you?" the officer asked suprised at the interruption.

"I'm a Yant, sir," he replied, using the popular designation for Americans in the British army.

"What's your rank?" continued the office, determined that the man be rescued properly if at all.

"Misster engineer, sir," the American answered.

niswered.

Evidently that was sufficient for the officer, for he at once assented with:

"You may try. Lend him a hand

men."

The "Yank" took a shovel and started immelling under the truck. As he wermed himself into the little hole, the shovel was abandoned for a bayonet and he pushed the dirt back with his hands to others, who threw it aside. After an hour's work, he had the dead man out. Another hour, and he had burrowed molelike, to the side of the other man, who still was conscious.

moleike, to the side of the other man who still was conscious.

"Do you want to take a chance? It'll be torture getting out," he said to the truck driver.

"Anything to get from here to die outside, the man gasped.

A rope was shoved in and the Ameri-

Can tied it around the man's legs.
Slowly, while he guided the battered body of the now unconscious man, compared by the narrow tunnel.

PLAY IN LUCK

can tied it around the man's legs.
Slowly, while he guided the battered body of the now unconscious man, compared by the narrow tunnel.

The second service is finishing. Four soliders are rolling the old tin-throated in regimental orders for your efforts," said the officer to the exhausted "Yank,"

Of them used to be a rag-time "song-booster." Oh, baby, how he can torment and he did.

There they go, in a chorus of fifty roof-raising voices: The truck driver had an arm broken, The truck driver had an arm broken, a shoulder crushed and a fractured skull. He was rushed to a hospital on a chance that his life might be saved after so much effort. The work was not in vain, for a few days ago a letter was received from him, well again at his home in wall and a saving to the former movie star:

"The later string of this home in Leicester is always hanging out for you."

"WELL, I'LL BE-!" THEY'RE ALL HERE.

"Fat Casev!"

"Well, I'll be--!"

After seven years Gabby and Fat Casey came face to face on a snow-covered country hillside in France. Gabby played right tackle on the football team out in Chicago in his sophomore year. Casey, a senior, was center and a bother to the trainer because he would surround two bits' worth of chocolate caramels every day, adding to the dimension that won him his nickname.

Somewhere in France Gabby swung his right mitt and chasped Casey's. They hung on in a kind of reminiscent grlp, searching one another's face for changes.

Casey wore a smudge on his upper lip. Gabby's face was still un-hairy, but a little lined by the last few years of bucking the business line for a living. 'asey has no cause for wrinkles, having wealthy Dad. And, anyway, Fat's disi wealthy Dad. And, anyway, Fat's dis-osition proofed his map against the orrugations of money problems.

We find them shaking hands again. We find them shaking hands again.
Casey is driving a touring car over
from Divisional Headquarters to call for
the major of the Third Battalion. He
stills on the hill from dirty distributor
points and gets out to sand-paper then
That red-headed sentry, gazing skyward
through field glasses on "aeroplane
watch" against the Boches, can be none
other than Gabby, the ex-right tackle.
Gabby is a little puzzled by Fat's Gabby is a little puzzled by Fat's noustache, but only for a second.

"Whatever became of Charley Rose," asks, "and Bill Lyman, and all the he asks, "and rest of them?"

wintever became of Charley Rose, he asks, "and Bill Lyman, and all the rest of them?"

"For the love of Mike—meeting you in this forsaken spot after all this time! Where are you stationed? Can't we stage a remion? Can't we, Fat?"

Well, Fat is a sergeant-chauffeur. Q.M.C. Gabby is a doughboy in an infantry regiment. They can't get together. They're at the War.

For the next ten minutes a whole battlefield of Boote filers might have sneaked past the Chicago sentry and bombed the daylights out of Division. Headquarters without any bindrance from Gabby.

Charley Rose, says Fat, Is an infantry licutenant. Maury Dunne's in the heavy grtillery. Dan McCarthy, the hopeless but untiring "sub" of the 1911 squad, is in France in the Q.M.C.

"Well, doggone!" says Fat, in wonderment at the littleness of the world. "Well, gee whiz!" says Gabby, thinking the same thing.

You'll meet 'em all over here—your old rivals, your staunchest pals. You may flud yourself top sergeant over the very kids you stole apples or milk bottles with back in the "good old days." Perhaps you'll be saluting the fellow who cut you out of your girl back in high school when an exchange of class plus with pretty Frances Black meant that you were engaged to her for that semester.

emester. Somewhere in France, they're all her

SO THIS IS FRANCE?

The first shift is coming out from the tables. White-baired plump Madame scurrles over to her place at the door to collect the dinner toll. Silver clinks into her country, eash register, a cigar lox with the lid knocked off.

The second shift edges toward the dining room where Suzanne and Angel and Joan are rushing about, clearing way the traces of the first service.

"How's the chewin'?" asks the Albany rifleman.

"How's the chewin'?" asks the Albany rifteman.
"Pretty good, pretty good," says the engineer boy from Los Angeles. "Good place to fill up on tan bread for a change."

change."

Close your eyes and shut out the khaki. The buzzing voices, the scraping hob nails take you back to the Democratic convention of Pottewantamis County last Spring when the delegates came in through a sleet storm and dried their socks around the stove in the Chamber of Commerce. Or you're back

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"Twice as nice as Paradise, And they called it Dixie Land!"

SOMETHING MUST BE DONE.

The American war zone recently was honored by a visit from several "lady journalists" who came out from Paris to see how "our boys" were faring.

One of these young women had been cared in luxurious surroundings in New

York. Since coming to Paris she seldom went about wearing anything but slip-pers. These were all right because she always rode in a taxi.

A certain American captain, who thinks nothing of using a nice ten-foot snow bank for bathing purposes, was delegated to conduct the young women through the American war zone.

From the start, the horror of the New York society writer knew no

identially that feather beds are on the way from America for every soldier and there are whole boatloads of bathtubs coming, too. But what's sweetest of all in this—promise you'll keep it a secret until it happens?—our government is zoing to present every soldier in France with a beautiful manicure set!" "That's more like it," said the lady, much mollified.

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